

Inspirational Poems &

of Truth and Humor

By GEORGE W. SANFORD.

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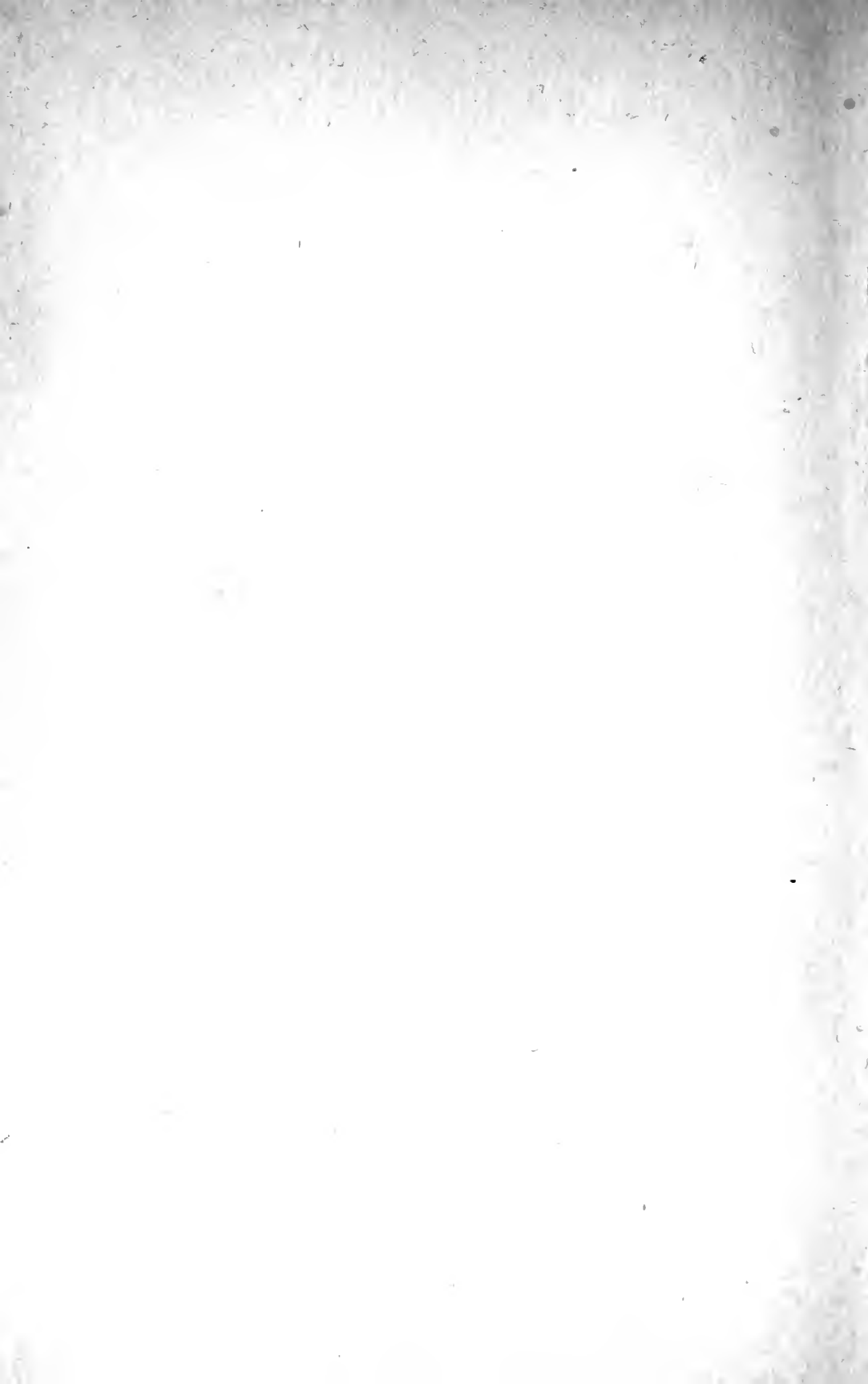
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George W. Sanford

Inspirational

Poems ^{of} _____

TRUTH AND HUMOR

✻ ✻ ✻ By *GEORGE W. SANFORD* ✻ ✻

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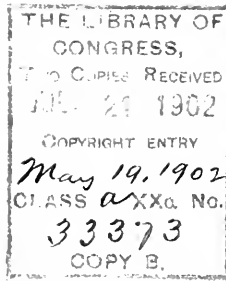


PERUSE, REFLECT, THEN READ AGAIN
BEFORE YOU JUDGE WITH TONGUE OR PEN,
IF THEN THE TRUTH YOU CANNOT VIEW,
PLEASE READ AGAIN, 'TIS HERE FOR YOU.



...1902...

FRANKLIN PRINTING COMPANY
LOS ANGELES, CAL.



PS 3537
.A69I5
1902

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RECEIVED JUL 29 1902
CLASS aXXa No. 33373

• Wherefore. •

WHEREOF be punished forever, I pray,
For the slight little sins that we do to-day?
Will sorrow forever encompass the soul,
For our thoughts and our acts that we could
not control?

Will the finger of scorn be pointed by those
Who have sins of their own they would not disclose?
Oh! can we not love or sympathy show,
For those who forever leave tracks where they go?

Can we not remember some part of the time,
That to err is but human, to forgive is divine?
The Master did tell them (and they left her alone)
That he without sin should cast the first stone.

Meet error with wisdom, and anger with love,
Thus fitting ourselves for the mansions above.

GEORGE W. SANFORD.

DEDICATED TO
My Father James D. Sanford
—and—
TO THE MEMORY OF MY WIFE
Leora Augusta Sanford

INVOCATION.

HOLY angels crowned with love,
 Come with healing on thy wings,
 Lift our thoughts to things above,
 Help us soar where angel sings.
 Guide and cheer us on our way,
 Ever guide our steps aright,
 Teach us how to work and pray,
 Faith give place to blessed sight.

O, could our eyes but be made o'er
 So we could scan the other shore,
 May be we'd not feel half so sad,
 May be that things are not so bad
 As they appear to be.
 May be that joy would fill our heart
 And bid all gloom and grief depart,
 If we could only see.

The day will come when all shall see;
 The veil will lift from shore to shore;
 Faith blends with hope and charity,
 And right will reign forevermore—
 The day that prophets long foretold
 And poets sung in years gone by,
 When men will lose their greed for gold
 And turn their thoughts to realms on high.

HOPE OF IMMORTALITY.

IN vain we tread this world of strife
 And do our duty here;
 If this is all there is in life:
 Its comforts and its cheer.

Must we for aye in darkness grope,
 Without one ray of light?
 Weak is our faith, small is our hope
 And veiled our inner sight.

Jesus the Christ has shown the way,
 He came forth from the dead;—
 Blest proof of immortality—
 Why should we fear and dread.

To clothe ourselves in garments new,
 Brighter than lilies wear,
 To live in heaven, its glories view—
 Its richest treasures share.

If Jesus then rose from the dead,
 We all may surely rise;
 God's laws are ever true and just—
 They can't be otherwise.

If Jesus then arose and spake
 To the women at the tomb,
 Why may not we the silence break
 And dispel doubt and gloom?

Then think not strange if loved ones come,
 But ever greet them here;
 They come to us from spirit homes
 To comfort and to cheer.

Be not afraid to greet them here,
 But open wide the door,
 They are our friends, they come to cheer
 And love us as before.

REVERIE.

'TIS early morn when all is still,
 All nature's wrapped in deep repose;
 Before the sun has kissed the hill,
 Or dewdrops sparkle on the rose.

The stars are fading one by one,
 The moon has sunk to rest,
 The east shows signs of day begun—
 All nature's at her best.

When I behold such scenes as these,
 My soul is filled with love
 To Him who made the flowers,
 The trees, the sun and all above.

The sun has kissed the mountain top,
 The birds begin to sing,
 The little lambs to skip and hop—
 There's life in everything.

Who made the glorious, brilliant sun,
 To man forever blessed;
 The stars to shine when day is done
 And we lie down to rest?

'Tis God's own work, he made them all:
 They came at His command,
 From grains of sand to mountains tall,
 The rivers, seas and land.

He made all things in earth's domain,
 In heaven, space or—well,
 We need not speak that horrid name
 Where none would like to dwell.

He made them all, and called them good,
 Not only good, but very,
 Who'd call them bad then, if they could,
 To my mind is the query.

And now it makes me feel so sad
 That tears come in my eyes,
 To think that good should turn out bad
 Instead of otherwise.

Begone, oh grief, I'll wipe my eyes
 And take a better view,
 And now I find to my surprise,
 'Twas faulty eyes that I looked through.

Moral—Let's never judge a friend or foe
 And say they're doing wrong,
 Unless we first ouselves shall know,
 Our eyes are clear and strong.

Best leave the judging all to Him
 Who made them good at first;
 If we should try to fix the thing
 We'd soon make matters worse.



BRIGHTER DAY.

YES, a brighter day is dawning,
 And methinks 'tis almost here;
 We will welcome in the morning,
 'Twill be filled with light and cheer.

It will drive away the sadness
 That may hover round our home;
 Child of Earth, grope not in darkness,
 For the dawn of day has come.

Tarry not within the shadow,
 Step forth boldly in the light;
 There's a light on hill and meadow,
 Drives away the gloom of night.

Yes, the sun is always shining,
 Though we may not feel its ray;
 Cease your sorrow and repining,
 Darkest night will flee away.

Turn your back upon the shadow,
 Set your face firm toward the right;
 Flowers are budding in the meadow,
 Trees are blooming on the height.

Darkest days will soon be over,
 Earth life passes swift away;
 Soon we'll cross the mystic river
 Where there is eternal day.



COULD I.

COULD I but leave some written word
 That friends would prize when I am gone,
 Some thought by which the soul is stirred,
 Or even some sweet little song.

I'd haste and write without delay;
 To us there is no promise given;
 This spark of life on earth to-day,
 May on the morrow shine in heaven.

Then let's improve each shining hour
 And lend a hand to those in need;
 The tempter's voice will lose its power
 If we the highest light will heed.

Open the windows of the soul
 And let the light come pouring in;
 'Tis not for part, but for the whole,
 And it will joy and comfort bring.

Then shed abroad the love you have
 And daily thus increase your store;
 The more you give, the more you'll have,
 For giving but makes room for more.

LOVE.

COME listen to my story!
 I'd write a poem grand,
 That should resound from shore to shore,
 In every clime and land.
 A poem that would lift the soul
 To higher things above,
 A poem that would tell of God
 And his most wonderous love.

His love is like the morning star
 That comes before the day.
 It comes to cheer the mariner,
 And guides him on his way.
 It bids the darkest spots grow bright,
 Illumines the clouded soul,
 And sends its rays of cheering light
 O'er all, from pole to pole.

His love is like the glorious sun
 That ushers in the day;
 It comes to each and every one;
 We feel it when we pray.
 'Tis love that speeds the carrier-dove
 Homeward to find its mate,
 She tarries not to rest her wings
 Though distance may be great.

Love is the builder of all things,
 No matter great or small,
 From bees that hum to birds that sing,
 'Tis love that makes them all.
 And everything that creeps on earth,
 Or soars in realms so fair,
 'Twas God's own love that gave it birth
 And stamped his image there.

And he who will can plainly see
 That love doth govern all,
 And all that are, and are to be,
 Are subject to his call.
 Love is a builder, and its power
 Is felt from shore to shore;
 It never tires, but, hour by hour,
 It builds forever more.



SLUMBERING GERMS.

SLEEPING 'midst the dust of ages
 Quietly a germ did lay,
 Waiting for one of the sages
 To give it the light of day.

There it waited, there it slumbered,
 'Midst the dirt and dust of years,
 Heeding not the days unnumbered,
 Caring not for passing years.

And the wise men of the ages
 Looked not on the dusty floor,
 But they searched the mystic pages
 For the truths they thought they bore.

But they found not what they wanted,
 For the books hold not in store
 What lay in the dust undaunted
 'Neath the very shoes they wore.

What great truth was it there hidden
 In the dust upon the floor?
 Could it e'er come forth unbidden,
 Must it for aye be trampled o'er?

Time reveals that life immortal
 Rests within each speck of earth,
 It but needs a spark eternal,
 Giving it a conscious birth.

AT SEA.

WHEN first we launch upon life's sea,
 Our barque is very light and frail;
 First angry waves, we lost would be,
 But loving hands set every sail.

And then as we in stature grow,
 We're trusted with some little care;
 At length we think that we can row
 And greater burdens we can bear.

We're not content until we sail;
 We know our barque is bright and new,
 We think that it will ride the gale,
 We'll always keep the land in view.

And so we sail with masts of pride;
 Our rudder, too, is built of hope,
 We think all storms we'll safely ride,
 With all life's dangers we can cope.

We're sailing on the deep blue sea;
 There's not a cloud to dim the sky,
 The breeze is fair as it can be,
 As homeward o'er the waves we fly.

The captain takes the time of day,
 And then with smile upon his face:
 "If naught doth happen on the way
 We soon will reach our resting place."

But look ahead, is there a gale?
 A simoon from a distant sea?
 We have no time to reef our sail,
 When crash! it strikes us on the lea.

Our ship is staunch as man can make,
 And yet she groans like one in pain;
 Our masts lie trailing in the wake,
 Our rudder, too, is broke in twain.

Our ship is drifting with the gale,
 With all her masts and rudder gone;
 And while we pray for land or sail,
 The angry billows bear us on.

The tempest rages, night sets in
 And spreads her mantle over all;
 We cannot hear above the din
 The captain's voice, tho' loud the call.

And now in darkness and in gloom
 We hear the thundering breakers roar;
 We fear the sea will be our tomb,
 Or we'll be dashed upon the shore.

Our ship is doomed, it cannot ride
 This raging, wild, tempestuous sea;
 Oh Thou who rules the storm and tide,
 Please hear our prayer and set us free.

What light is that athwart the sky?
 A friendly rocket signal call;
 In trumpet tones we hear the cry,
 "Cheer up! we'll try to save you all."

Our prayer is heard, and help is near,
 And thro' the darkness and the gloom
 We hear the boatman's hearty cheer
 As toward our helpless barque they come.

Oh friendly aid in time of need!
 We all should answer to the call;
 A loving word, a smile, or deed
 May save a brother 'ere he fall.

Must we in darkness always grope?
 Is there no light or guiding star?
 Is there no ray or gleam of hope,
 No word to cheer us from afar?

Is there no echo from the tomb?
 And is there none to hear and save?
 Must we go down in doubt and gloom,
 And lie forever in the grave?

No; look ahead, there is a light
 That far exceeds the light of day;
 'Tis shown to us by angels bright,
 And they will guide us on our way.

And now from darkness of the grave
 We hear our loved one's friendly call;
 We hear your prayer, we come to save;
 We can and will now save you all.



PRAYER AND SONG.

DEAR angel guide, come to us now,
 And let us here commune with thee;
 "Place thy soft hands upon each brow,
 Open our eyes that we may see."

Oh, fill our hearts with life divine,
 Illumine our minds with truth and love,
 And may our thoughts forever shine
 Like beacon lights from heights above.

Help us to build our mansions strong,
 That time, nor tide, nor flood can shake;
 Retain the right, reject all wrong,
 Build walls of truth that cannot break.

Help us to drive away all fear,
 Bid all our doubts and gloom depart,
 And may we feel thy presence near,
 To fill with peace each anxious heart.

Oh, angel guide, show us the way
 To conquer all that is not best;
 And may we never from it stray,
 For it doth lead to heavenly rest.

WORDS WITH WINGS.

COULD we but write new words with wings,
 And tell of life why it begins;
 And why the throbbing of the heart
 Should ever in our being start,
 Or why we ever came at all
 To dwell on this terrestrial ball;
 To taste the joys and feel the pain,
 And live them o'er and o'er again;
 To feel the nerves within us thrill
 And haste to do our silent will;
 To feel the blood course in each vein,
 To feed the muscle, bone and brain.
 It sends new strength to every part—
 This constant throbbing of the heart.
 We know not where the power lies,
 In head or heart, or in the skies;
 Each member working for the whole
 And all a building for the soul.
 To stop the building were in vain,
 For all are links in endless chain,
 And no one moves an inch along,
 But also moves ten million strong,
 And where one moves we all must go,
 No matter whether fast or slow.
 New light doth shine upon the earth
 From every child that love gives birth;
 To every child that life is given
 A soul is being raised for heaven.
 We often sigh for better days,
 More light, and love, and songs of praise;
 The things of earth that vex us now
 May shine like diamonds on our brow;
 Our works will leave when we are gone,
 If we do right and shun the wrong;

Life not yet born may bless our days,
 Tongues not yet strung may sing our praise.
 To thoughts a spark of life is given
 And we may meet them yet in heaven.
 What can we say, then, of the breath;
 It comes at birth and goes at death;
 It stays with us from day to day,
 At length it glides from us away,
 A spark that we cannot control—
 It must be portion of the soul.
 Could we but write of things like these;
 So we could cast them on the breeze,
 Oh, how we'd love to see them soar,
 Nor sigh if they return no more.



SONG.

HOW sweet when earthly life is o'er
 To meet the friends we used to love,
 To love them as we did before
 And dwell with them in realms above.

This earthly life will soon be o'er,
 And we shall reach our resting place,
 Where sorrow shall be felt no more
 And sin no more our souls disgrace.

All hail the day when truth shall reign
 And error find no place for birth,
 When love shall rule on land and main,
 And war no more be known on earth.

That blessed day we may not see,
 But it will surely, surely come,
 When all the nations will be free,
 And love will rule in every home.

Love is the main spring of each heart,
 It bears us up in darkest hour,
 Without it life would be so dark,
 That mid-day sun would lose its power.
 Then hail the day when love shall lead,
 And all accept her magic power;
 When all the earth her voice shall heed,
 Her light illumine the darkest hour.



THOUGHTS.

EACH word or thought by us expressed,
 It goes forth maybe to bless;
 Or it may be in evil wrought,
 And will not rest till it doth find
 A lodgment in some genial clime,
 Where it may safely grow.
 Securely fixed upon the mind,
 Like tendril of some clinging vine,
 It lives for weal or woe.
 Yes, thoughts are things whose silken wings
 Outspeed the rays of light.
 They even trace the realms of space
 To planets far from sight.
 Yes, they may stray to milky way,
 And view her systems o'er,
 Where beat on beat, in rythms sweet,
 Is heard forevermore; so pleasant to our ears
 Is Nature's band from central stand,
 The music of the spheres.
 Thoughts do possess the power to bless,
 And lift to higher light, where we shall see
 The home to be in mansions pure and bright.
 They tell of bliss ahead of this,
 Where we shall see them face to face,
 The angels bright, who veil from sight
 All thoughts that would disgrace.

PASSION—No. 1.

O H! Passion, be still and let us alone,
 We're scaling the heights where thou art unknown;
 No more can thy wiles e'er lead us astray,
 For the calm voice of reason we'll ever obey.
 Thou must dwell forever in the low lands of time,
 For thou mayst not enter these bright realms sublime;
 Yes, thou must e'er dwell where wild waters flow
 And scatter their wreckage wherever they go.
 Thou doest dwell with the youth so bright and so fair
 And show to the world that thy presence is there;
 Thou changest their lives, filled with innocent glee,
 And in its sweet place thou dost give misery;
 Thou takest them in youth from the influence of home,
 And leavest them when aged to totter alone;
 Thou takest them when gladness doth shine in the eye,
 And leavest them in sorrow to mourn and to cry;
 O, passion, what hast thou not done for us all?—
 Thou must have been there when Eve had her fall,
 And must have been present in Adam's retreat
 When he ate of the fruit he was told not to eat;
 Thou didst smile at thy work when they drove out the pair
 And closed up the gate to the garden so fair.
 Thou didst follow them out and bid Cain kill his brother;
 Yes, it must have been you, for there was no other
 Who could do such a deed when life was so fair,
 And the beauties of Nature were seen everywhere;
 Oh, Passion! All crimes can be traced to thy door,
 O, when wilt thou leave us, to trouble no more?
 Oh! must we forever let thee hold full sway,
 Or wilt thou not sometime to reason give way?
 Can we never arise above thy control,
 Let the calm voice of reason be guide for the soul?
 Her light is the light that comes forth from Him
 Who gave us the spark that shall never grow dim.
 O, Passion, be still and let Reason hold sway!
 Her path is the path that will not lead astray;

Her voice is the voice that will lead us to rest,
 Where the bright star of love will shine in each breast;
 For she is the guide that brings us sweet peace,
 Her joys are the joys that never shall cease,
 Her laws are the laws we should keep day by day;
 Her tasks will grow lighter the more we obey;
 Her light will illumine and fill every soul
 While the years and the ages eternally roll.
 Forever may wisdom be our guide here below,
 And may she go with us wherever we go,



PASSION—No. 2.

O, Passion, once more we will take up the strain;
 We've been asked by a friend to try it again,
 We wish not to write of a steed run away,
 But one that works quietly hitched to a shay;
 Not one that will balk at the foot of the hill,
 And spend all his force in breaking the thill,
 But one who e'er patiently toils on the road,
 Bears in mind that the thills help to bring up the load,
 Who never gives up till the summit is won,
 And then can reflect on the good he has done.
 For passion without reason, with her fires ill spent,
 Like a ship with full sail to destruction is bent;
 Who never once thinks of the terrible shock
 Until with a crash, she is stuck on a rock;
 But passion restrained by the power of the soul,
 Whose fires never burn beyond her control,
 Is like a good ship who stems every blast
 Till the harbor is reached and her anchors are cast.
 It may be when life's troubled journey is done
 And we can look back on the path we have come,
 We shall find thou hast been a friend in disguise,
 That without thy kind aid we never should rise.
 O, Passion, forsooth, you're a strange little elf;
 We sometimes mistrust you're the best part of self.

INSPIRATION.

Like the beating of the wavelet, like the ripple of the rill,
 Like the gentle breezes fanning on the brow of wooded hill,
 Gently comes an inspiration and it gives us thoughts
 divine,

And we place them in our store house, to be used some
 future time.

As the rain upon the mountain finds its way to vales below,
 As the rills that feed the rivers gently murmur as they go,
 So the light of inspiration from a higher source doth come,
 And we listen to the voices as they tell of brighter home.
 Like the calm upon the ocean when the storm its force
 has spent,

Like the gentle light of heaven from the starry firmament,
 Comes to us the welcome message from the glorious
 realms above,

Telling us that life's worth living if we live for truth and
 love.

Like the dew upon the roses sending forth their rainbow
 hue,

Or the sunlight in the diamond as it flashes into view,
 So the light of inspiration is in store for you and me;
 It is seen on highest mountain, it is found in deepest sea.
 It is heeded in stately pine tree on the hillside all alone—
 Funeral sighs are in the branches, but there's life within
 the cone.

We can see it in the billows, as with grand majestic roar
 They dissolve to spray and sea-foam as they dash against
 the shore.

We can see it in the rainbow with its variegated hue,
 And we know 'tis drops of water that the sun is shining
 through.

Not one sparkling drop of water, or one tiny speck of
 spray

Vanish with the glorious rainbow as its hues fade swift
 away.

They may rest within the ocean, they may ripple with
 the rill,
 Or with mighty clouds in motion they may dash against
 the hill,
 But they'll never lose their power or their influence on
 the whole,
 While remains one spark of matter that may blossom into
 soul.
 We may find it on the mountains rising high above the
 plain,
 Looking down on grassy meadows and the fields of wav-
 ing grain,
 Looking down upon the reapers as they toil in fields below,
 Seeing largest share is garnered by the ones who never
 sow.
 We can find it in an island resting in the deep blue sea,
 Watching life that swarms around us, call it fate or destiny.
 If we gaze into the ocean with a scientific eye,
 We find fry is food for big fish, and fry feeds on lesser fry.
 So we find the wide world over, there's for each a constant
 strife;
 It matters not, then, fish or human, all evolve to higher
 life.



THE DAWN OF TRUTH.

THE dawn of truth, it comes to cheer
 The weary traveler of earth's sphere;
 It shows what we were taught in youth,
 Was not the highest light of truth,
 In taking brothers' blood in vain,
 On Juda's hills or Moab's plain,
 That wrath of Him who rules above
 Might be appeased and turned to love.
 For His children who had wicked been
 Were cast in burning hell for sin
 And He looks down with approving smile

On the dismal smoke of the writhing pile.
 And says "Ha, ha, now take your pay,
 I've told you yours was not the way",
 Those fatted calves and bullocks all,
 With turtle doves and lambs so small,
 Which to me should have been given
 An offering sweet sent up to heaven,
 That you might live, both you and yours
 In my heaven blessed overtures.
 Of mercy that I see fit to send
 Upon all those who with me do lend
 Their life, their strength, their wealth, their all,
 And with sacrifice for mercy call;
 But yours to idols have been given,
 And not one smell has come to heaven,
 Therefore I've sent you to your doom,
 And for your like there's plenty room
 To writhe and wringe and squirm and cry,
 And try in vain to get out or die.
 But everlasting you there must stay
 And writhe and wringe in that same old way,
 For you have sinned against me sore,
 And now in hell forevermore
 Must suffer all the plagues therein,
 Because you were not saved from sin.
 But I have wandered for, forsooth,
 I thought I'd write on dawn of truth,
 For truth has come, and come to stay,
 It shows to us a better way,
 That God is love, and loves us so,
 That good from him does ever flow;
 He does not think, connive or plan,
 To punish poor deluded man;
 But ever flowing from above
 Is his eternal glorious love.
 As loving parents guard their young,
 So God will keep us every one;

The light of truth does so illumine,
 For aught but goodness there is no room.
 If you've this glorious light within
 You'll have no thought or wish to sin.
 The light of truth does show the way
 So plain you need not go astray,
 But follow onward in the light,
 And faith is lost in perfect sight;
 Then love the truth, Oh, love it well,
 It makes you lose the fear of hell,
 With eye of sight to look above
 To that land of rest where all is love.



A DAY DREAM.

I'M resting on the bank of a river,
 And gazing far out o'er the stream,
 And I see the barques glide by me ever;
 I'm enchanted like one in a dream.

And I hear the sweet voices blending
 With the music that's born on the breeze
 And I hear the pure cadence ascending
 From river, and leaflet and trees.

And with rapture I join in the chorus
 Hallelujah again and again,
 As the veil from our eyes lifts before us,
 Hallelujah! Hallelujah! Amen.

And now I began to look around me
 And behold with great joy and delight
 That my loved ones from earth are around me
 Robed in garments as pure as the light.

And I behold with the greatest of pleasure
 That I, too, have a robe bright and new,
 And I ask them who took my measure
 That this robe should fit me so true.

And a kind angel friend floats beside me,
 And my eyes open wide to behold
 From her hands she was weaving a fabric
 Bespangled with jewels and gold.

And I hear her sweet voice gently saying:
 "Wonder not at thy garments so true;
 For while you were toiling for others,
 An angel was weaving for you."



BUILDING.

COME let us rest a little while,
 And talk of days gone by,
 How little things would make us smile,
 And also make us cry.

Castles we'd build to lofty height
 When we become of age,
 Many the books that we would write,
 Gilded should be each page.

Alas! the castles—on the ground
 In crumbled heaps they lie,
 The books have never yet been bound,
 They may be by and by.

And yet it was not all in vain,
 Those castles in the air,
 They gave employment to the brain,
 And stamped their image there.

And tho' it may not be the same,
 We're building every day,
 It may be fancies of the brain,
 It may be mounds of clay.

Or it may be of granite fine,
 And temples we shall raise,
 And they may stand as long as time,
 In memory of our days.

We cannot tell, God only knows,
 Time tries the works of men;
 Some, like the spark that upward goes,
 Return to earth again.

Some works appear to be illumined
 As if by holy fire;
 When hands that made are in the tomb,
 They still keep rising higher

Some start out with brilliant light,
 To cheer us on our way,
 But going far above their height,
 Soon fall on earth to stay.

Some start out upon their track,
 But change as breeze doth blow;
 We'll watch their barque, 't will soon be back,
 They know not where to go.

Some works will stand when others fall,
 And some ne'er stand alone;
 The most essential part of all
 Is the foundation stone.

So when you're building for your flock,
 In any clime or land,
 Be sure you're building on a rock,
 And not on drifting sand.



REFLECTIONS.

BE not discouraged if you fail
 In your endeavor to do right;
 Guard well your thoughts, right will prevail,
 Though you may pass through darkest night.
 In any land beneath the sun,
 There's none that's perfect—no, not one,
 For all at times have gone astray;
 All can reform—commence to-day.

Then sigh no more for days that are gone,
 For life is like a river;
 Resistless currents bear us on,
 A point once passed is passed forever.

Oh, when will men learn how to row,
 And face the bow the way we go,
 Instead of looking backwards;
 We can the better steer our boat,
 Avoid the shoals, keep her afloat,
 If we are looking forwards.

Sometimes 'tis well to backward look,
 To see the source from whence we came,
 Like the reviewing of a book,
 That we may more of knowledge gain.

But looking back through doubts and fears,
 And vain regrets and scalding tears,
 It but obscures our path to-day,
 And thus retards us on our way.



SONG.

WE should never grieve for friends
 Who have passed death's portal,
 They are where love never ends,
 They are souls immortal.

They have scaled the lofty heights,
 Far above earth's pleasure;
 They are viewing glorious sights—
 Glories without measure.

Loving angels hear our pray'r,
 Give us bliss eternal,
 Help us lay aside earth's care,
 Live for joys supernal.

See, the day is almost here,
 Night fast disappearing;
 Soon our vision will be clear,
 See the light is nearing.

See the glorious light of day
 O'er the hilltops dawning,
 Soon 'twill drive the night away,
 Oh! behold the morning.

Mortal tongue can never tell
 All the joys of heaven;
 Those who love their brothers well
 Heavenly joys are given.

Loving friends, no longer grieve,
 Drive away earth's sorrow;
 Soon we'll garner in the sheaves,
 It may be to-morrow.

Loving angels are the ones
 Who will soon come for you;
 Earthly work to-day is done,
 Heaven begins to-morrow.

Dearest loved ones hear our pray'r,
 Guide us through temptation;
 Help us other's burdens bear
 Onward to salvation.

Hear, oh! hear us when we pray,
 Banish all our sorrow;
 Heavenly life begins to-day,
 Wait not for the morrow.

A FEW QUESTIONS.

IF we were called to die to-night,
 What would our future be?
 Would we be met by angels bright,
 And would we welcome be?

 And would we hail them with delight,
 With smile upon our face?
 Or would we wish to hide from sight
 Because of our disgrace?

 Or will we be forever lost
 In depth of dark despair?
 Will we be pointed to the cross
 Of self-denial there?

 Can we no pleasure take below,
 Or even give a smile,
 For fear that we will have to go
 Where all is coarse and vile?

 Must we on humble crumbs be fed,
 While here we stay on earth,
 That we may price the heavenly bread
 And realize its worth?

 Will we be lost for what we've done,
 Or what we did not do,
 Because of sins we did not shun,
 Or were good deeds too few?

 Will those who delve for earthly gain
 And take no thought of heaven,
 Will they in future writhe in pain
 And never be forgiven?

 Do we not suffer here below
 For all we do that's wrong?
 'Tis kindly deeds, not empty show,
 That tells where we belong.

SEARCH FOR TRUTH.

FEEDING on the husks of ages
 Of the corn our parents ate,
 Searching in the musty pages
 For the wisdom of the great.

Digging in the tombs of Egypt
 For the wisdom buried there;
 Brush the dust from off your forehead,
 And the cobwebs from your hair.

Better hunt on Ararat's mountain
 For Noah's boat that's lost so long,
 Think she'll ride the raging billows
 If her timbers are most gone.

Or we'll search for tower of Babel,
 And complete it to the sky;
 There we'll rest ourselves upon it,
 Catch the truth as it goes by.

Or we'll go to alpine mountains
 With the Monks that chant their lays,
 Hunting there for wisdom's fountain
 Used in darkest kind of days.

Or we'll hunt an ancient ant hill
 For the busy little ant,
 And when we at last have found him,
 Swear he is an eleph-ant.

Or shall we search the raging billows
 For the whale where Jonah stayed?
 Or shall we search for the lost pillars
 Of the ark that Moses made?

Or shall we cease our weary searching,
 And give the chase up in despair?
 Or shall we stop and look within us,
 And search for hidden treasures there?

MEDITATION.

OH, for a heart that will not stray,
 But ever keep in wisdom's way.
 Oh, for a mind that loves to soar,
 And be with God forevermore.

To Thee, Oh Christ, we look for aid,
 When 'Thou art near we're not afraid;
 Though we're beset by every sin,
 We'll not partake when Christ's within.

This Christ of ours He doth sustain
 When earthly helpers strive in vain;
 A faithful vigil He doth keep,
 And gives the weary patient sleep.

Our every need he doth supply
 If we will lift our thoughts on high;
 Our earthly treasures do not stay,
 They flame, they flicker, then away.

But heavenly treasures brighter shine
 As borne along on wings of time;
 Why delve so hard in earth's domain
 When wealth more glorious you can gain?

'Tis not by labor, art, or skill,
 But just the bending of the will;
 Ne'er falter, waver or decline,
 Dear Lord, accept my hand in Thine.

Not only hand, but head and heart,
 And make me of thyself a part,
 And I will go where 'Thou dost lead,
 Of earthly joys take little heed.

But ever onward look above,
 Forever basking in thy love;
 Though rough and stony be the way,
 I know it leads to endless day.

WHEN DAY IS DONE.

THE day is done and night once more
 Spreads her dark mantle like a pall
 O'er hill and vale and sea and shore—
 And darkness reigns supreme o'er all.

Who knows what morning may bring forth,
 When sun's bright rays shall kiss the plain;
 From east to west, from south to north
 All nature wakes to life again.

Will we be given strength to cope
 With all the duties of the day,
 Or will we lose our trust and hope
 And faint and fall beside the way?

Will we be bearers of the truth
 And shed our light to all around,
 Or shall we be like one, forsooth,
 Who placed his talent in the ground?

When we review our work at night,
 And think of various things we've done,
 How we commenced at early light
 And toiled till setting of the sun.

We often think: What is the need
 To toil so hard for selfish greed?
 We cannot take one cent away
 To buy a robe for judgment day.



LIFE.

LIFE with all its hopes and fears
 And life with all its sorrow,
 Is like the passing of the years,
 There's clouds to-day, sunshine to-morrow.

It's all the same, the years roll by,
 They're filled with joy and sadness,
 But we can help them if we try,
 To change our grief to gladness.

Yes, years roll by, how soon they're gone,
 Like islands on a river,
 We gaze ahead, then close upon,
 And then they're passed forever.

Tho' years pass by and soon are gone,
 Our deeds they live forever,
 And other eyes will gaze upon
 The works we weave together.

Some words are vain, they but conceal
 The inner feelings of the heart,
 The life alone is what reveals
 And shows the world the man thou art.

How careful then we all should be
 That thoughts and words and deeds are right;
 There's nothing hidden; all can see,
 There's nothing lost, tho' out of sight.



PRAYER.

PRAYER lifts the veil that we may see
 Light that was hidden from our view;
 Opens the books of mystery,
 And help us choose the good and true.

Prayer rolls the stone of grief away,
 And bids us wipe away our tears;
 It points to dawn of brighter day,
 And drives away all anxious fears.

We need not pray to change God's laws,
 For they will ever, ever stand.
 There's no effect without a cause,
 Is true on sea as well as land.

The sun, and moon, and stars all show
 That law doth govern each and all;
 If one should from its orbit go,
 Chaotic ruin would end them all.

Think not that prayer will set aside,
 Or change the least one of God's plan,
 Control the winds, or change the tide,
 Or number all the grains of sand.

But prayer will give new thoughts to us,
 New motive and a new desire;
 In place of doubt gives hope and trust,
 Our very soul it doth inspire.

We know we're better when we pray.
 It lifts the scales off our eyes;
 It rolls the clouds of doubt away,
 And bids our star of hope arise.



CONTENTMENT.

YOU should not murmur nor complain
 If life does not run smooth,
 Our earthly loss is heaven's gain;
 All things in order move

'Tis not by chance that things were made,
 Nor did they happen so;
 From tallest oak to grassy blade
 'Tis God that makes them grow.

He gave to each the spark of life,
 And power to reproduce;
 There's nothing in this world of strife
 That does not have its use.

The worm that crawls, the weeds that grow,
 All have their work to do,
 Though you may not their mission know,
 It may be hid from you.

But God it was who made them all,
 They grow at His command;
 There's not a thing on earth's green ball
 He does not understand.

No evil purpose then had He
 When He the serpents made,
 They have their mission, so have we,
 You need not be afraid.

Though poisonous fangs may pierce your heart
 And it shall beat no more,
 It cannot hurt the spirit part,
 'Tis brighter than before.

Fear not the things that God has made,
 They're part of His great plan;
 The morning light, the evening shade,
 All are for use of man.

To loved ones who are left behind,
 Think not the dear ones lost,
 In yonder realm you'll surely find
 The soul without the dross.

Then thanks to Him who all things made,
 No matter what they be,
 The day for light, the night for shade,
 The valleys, hills and sea.

And all that in them live and move,
 And have a spark of life,
 They were created by His love,
 And not by strange device.

Then murmur not nor yet complain
 Of aught that's in this realm,
 There's nothing made that's made in vain,
 Our Father's at the helm.



GOD'S LOVE.

I LOVE to sit in pensive mood,
 And think of God and all that's good,
 Of the great love He does display.
 From morn till night from day to day.
 His love is the life giving power,
 'Tis shown to us each day, each hour,
 The birds all sing and chant His praise,
 All nature's filled with melodies.
 His love doth cause all things to grow,
 From creeping worm to bounding doe,
 His love maintains and comforts all,
 The rich, the poor, the great, the small.
 All look to God, the fountain head,
 Who gives to each his daily bread,
 The air we breathe, the clothes we wear,
 All show our Father's loving care.
 His loving care surrounds us all,
 He even notes the sparrow's fall,
 He loves us' all, both you and me,
 And all that are, and are to be.
 His love can make discordant cries
 Resound like music in the skies.
 Go on, O Earth, with deafening din,
 I fear you not, when Christ's within.
 Then learn, oh mortals of this earth,
 That love is the great law of God,
 That spoke the planets into birth
 And scattered light o'er all abroad.

LOVE DIVINE.

LET no harm come near our dwelling,
 Safe we rest, dear Lord, in Thee,
 Ever in our hearts is welling
 That sweet love that makes us free.
 Better far than earthly treasure,
 Brighter far than drops of gold,
 Love Thou sendest without measure,
 Love no tongue has ever told.

Yes His love is like the spring time,
 Driving winter's cold away,
 Like the glorious morning sunshine,
 Turning darkness into day,
 Yes, His love is like a river,
 Ever flowing to'ard the sea;
 Onward flowing, flowing ever,
 Ever through Eternity.

Yes, His love is like the mountain,
 With its peak a towering high,
 At its base you'll find the fountain,
 Always giving, never dry,
 Oh His love is never ceasing,
 Like the rivers onward flow,
 Ever onward, still increasing
 As adown the stream you go.

When we reach the mighty ocean,
 Though our barque be light and frail,
 And around us is commotion,
 Safe we'll ride the stormy gale,
 And we'll reach the peaceful harbor.
 Where the weary all can rest,
 Rest from care and ceaseless labor,
 Rest with all, forever blest.

DESIRE TO HELP OTHERS.

HAD I the power I'd like to write
 Thoughts to illumine the darkest night,
 And help the weak ones on their way,
 As guide, who never leads astray;
 Words that would comfort in distress,
 Give peace within each aching breast
 And soothe the anxious brow of care
 And place the light of courage there.

To make the faltering step grow strong
 And fill the heart with sweeter song;
 To show to all that there is hope—
 They need no more in darkness grope,
 But grow in knowledge and the truth,
 O'ercome the doubtful thoughts of youth
 And join the fast increasing throng
 With steadfast faith who march along.

For light has come from o'er the way;
 Where once was darkness, all is day;
 Where silence once did reign supreme,
 We see the light of angels gleam.
 And loved ones who have gone before,
 Have bridged the gulf from shore to shore;
 They come to us on wings of love
 And bring the truth from realms above.

They tell of life in higher spheres,
 Beyond this vale of doubts and fears,
 Where no dark thoughts oppress the soul;
 For God is Love, and doth control
 All things that are, by perfect laws—
 For love is Life and the First Cause,
 That set all things in active motion,
 From smallest rill to mighty ocean.

SONG.

WE ask of Thee, O Holy One,
 That Thou wilt now in mercy come,
 And lift our thoughts to things above,
 O, fill our souls with perfect love.

CHORUS.—

O God of love come and preside,
 And ever in our souls abide,
 Help us respond to needs of men,
 And may we see Thyself in them.
 Help us to live for things divine,
 O, may our souls commune with Thine.
 We ask, O God of light and peace,
 For lasting joys that never cease,
 For wisdom from Thy bounteous store
 That we may dwell in doubt no more.

O, send the angels from above
 And light our way with truth and love,
 And may they ever hover near,
 Illumine our path with hope and cheer.

And when we reach the river's side,
 And death's cold stream before us glide,
 O safely guide our frail barque o'er,
 And give us life in heaven's bright shore.

And may we never once forget
 So long as sun shall rise and set,
 That we were of an humble birth,
 That we once dwelt upon the earth.

We thank Thee for the light of day,
 And may we never from it stray ;
 O may we feel Thy love divine,
 And may all hearts be tuned to Thine.

Spirit of Good we now implore
 That Thou wilt bless us evermore,
 O, may Thy waves of glory roll,
 Illumine each mind and fill each soul.

And when this earthly life is o'er,
 And we have reached that heavenly shore,
 O, may the crowns of Glory then
 Rest on each brow, for aye, Amen.



BEAUTIES OF NATURE.

⑨ THE beautilous things in nature;
 One cannot see them all,
 Much less to write about them
 And their wondrous charms recall.

There is beauty in the mountain
 And the broad and fertile plain,
 It sparkles in the fountain
 And smiles in waving grain.

'Tis seen within the rainbow
 And we marvel at the power
 That reveals such wondrous beauty
 In the passing of a shower.

We may see it in the daisies
 As they point up to the sky,
 And they seem to wish to tell us
 Of a fairer home on high.

We can see it in the roses
 With their variegated hues,
 When they sparkle like the diamond
 In the sunlight and the dews.

We can see it in the ocean,
 As its billows lash the shore
 And recede in scattered fragments
 To reform and break once more.

We can see it in the winding
 Of the swiftly flowing rill,
 As it finds its way to ocean,
 From the height of yonder hill.

We can see it in the sunbeams
 From the glorious orb of day,
 As it soars above the mountains,
 Ever driving night away.

We can see it in all nature,
 And throughout the realms of space,
 But the crowning work of beauty
 Is the human form and face.



ONLY A CHILD.

ONLY a child !" the sexton said,
 As he laid its form to rest ;
 And yet, and yet—a mother's heart
 Was breaking in her breast.

That little form, so cold and still,
 Those eyes, forever closed,
 The heart that once with love did thrill,
 Now wrapped in death's repose.

We know 'twas but a little thing,
 But hopes lie buried there,
 Ah, who can joy and comfort bring
 To hearts in deep despair ?

Rest on, dear one, you've scaled the heights,
 Where death will come no more,
 To bask for aye in heavenly light
 More lovely than before.

O, parents dear, let tears be dried,
 Grieve not for loved ones gone,
 'Tis but the dust that's laid aside,
 The soul is marching on.

HOLY ANGELS.

HOLY angels from above,
 Come and fill our souls with love ;
 Come and bless us here to-day,
 Lead us in the heavenly way,
 Help us help each other on,
 Till the glorious light of dawn
 Shall displace the doubts of youth,
 For the glorious light of truth.

CHORUS.—

Bid the tempter's voice be still,
 We will do the higher will ;
 If we work for right alone,
 Bright will be our future home.

Oh, illumine our path with light,
 And dispel this gloom of night ;
 Strengthen our declining years,
 Lead us thro' this vale of tears ;
 Give us hope and joy and love
 From thy bounteous home above ;
 Leave us not alone we pray ;
 Guide us on to perfect day.

Bid all doubts and fears depart
 From each trembling waiting heart ;
 Give us strength from heaven above ;
 Fill our souls with perfect love :
 Give us light and love and peace,
 Bid our doubts and fears to cease ;
 Guide us to the heavenly shore,
 When this earthly life is o'er.

We would ask for wisdom new.
 As our journey we pursue ;
 Give, Oh, give us truth divine,
 That will stand the storms of time ;

Ever feed us day by day,
 As we journey on our way,
 Bread of life from heavenly shore,
 And we'll hunger never more.

CHORUS.—

Now we see an angel band,
 As in spirit home they stand,
 Beckoning us to leave earth's shore,
 And like them be wafted o'er.



THE GOD OF NATURE.

I LOVE to sit in the shady nook,
 And learn of God, from nature's book,
 The flowers, the trees, and rippling rill,
 All show His handiwork and skill.

This God of ours, He rules the seas,
 The birds, the beasts, the humming bees,
 There's nothing, either great or small,
 But that He made, and governs all.

All are the efforts of His will,
 He made, He makes, He ruleth still,
 The angry seas His voice obey,
 And darkest night gives place to day.

The mountains shake in awful fear,
 When they behold His presence near,
 There is no power, in sea or hill,
 That can resist His silent will.

The lightning flash, the thunders roar,
 The billows breaking on the shore,
 Each one His labor must fulfill,
 All must obey the Master's will.

E'en man brought up in wisdom's ways
 Cannot prolong his length of days,
 The Master calls, he must obey,
 The spirit leaves its home of clay.

TIME.

O TIME, who brought Thee into existence?
 Who nursed Thee when Thou wert young?
 Who fondled Thee in their arms
 And called Thee by endearing names?
 And in what cradle did'st Thou repose?
 Why didst Thou ever come at all?
 Thou makest all things wither and decay.
 Nations arise and fall, but Thou art the same today as
 Is there no change for Thee? [yesterday.
 Did Thine eyes e'er sparkle with youth?
 And didst fierce fires e'er burn within Thy brain?
 Wert Thou fair to look upon when young?
 And who was there to admire Thee?
 Will Thy beauty e'er wither and decay?
 Who will do for Thee what Thou doest for all things
 That exist, both animate and inanimate?
 Doth to-morrow bring any change for Thee?
 Wilt Thou be weighed in the balance
 And wilt Thou be found wanting?
 Why is Thy life different from the life of man?
 Thou measurest out his existence unto him;
 Who measures unto Thee?
 What hath eternity in store for Thee?
 Wilt Thou be punished for making youth wither and
 decay?
 Thou paintest the head of man with the frosts of winter
 And Thou laughest at Thy folly.
 Art Thou yet a child?
 When wilt Thou arrive at stability?
 All the past is Thine, also the present:
 What of the future? Who shapes Thy destiny?
 Who will pronounce sentence upon Thee?
 And what will be Thy fate?
 What doest Thou give to the aged
 In exchange for youth and beauty?

Doth silvered hair and wrinkled brow
 Compensate for what Thou hast taken from them?
 Is aching bone and palsied limb the recompense?
 Is sluggish blood and dimmed vision
 To be compared to the sight and activities of youth?
 What hast Thou in store for the aged?—
 And when will they receive their reward?
 Wilt Thou be a silent witness?
 Or wilt Thou bear witness against us?
 Or wilt Thou have mercy upon us?

ANSWER OF TIME.

Child of Earth, who art Thou
 That seekest to know the mysteries of the unknown and
 unknowable?
 Some things can be understood and comprehended by
 mortal man,
 Others are beyond his grasp and always will be.
 Time and God are one.
 Did God make Time, or Time make God?
 If God made Time, what was there before Time was
 made?
 If Time made God, who was the maker of Time?
 Both always were and always will be. Selah.
 Before creation was begun
 Or e'er the stars in glory sung;
 Before the glorious orb of day
 Or e'er before the milky way,
 We soared together, hand in hand,
 And as we soared we planned and planned;
 And what we planned we willed to be,
 And what we willed now all can see.
 And what you see, we loved it so
 That cells of love began to grow.
 'Tis from love-cells that all things grew
 And all Creation came to view.
 These cells of love hold live and breath;
 Though all things change, there is no death.

TIME NO. II.

TIME is the righter of all wrongs,
 The healer of all sorrow ;
 To-day we build our mansions strong,
 Time tears them down to-morrow.

Time heals the scars that sin has made
 And bids us hope again,
 Lift up our heads, be not afraid,
 Be Nature's noblemen.

Time will avenge the poor man's wrongs
 And set the bondman free ;
 It wields the sword to sever thongs
 That fetter liberty.

Time is the builder of all things,
 Destroyer of the same ;
 It shatters crowns, dethrones the kings
 And builds in Freedom's name.

Time passes by on noiseless wings,
 In the eternal now ;
 She tarries not for lords or kings,
 To her alike all bow.

Time is attuned to her own songs,
 She heeds not joy or sorrow ;
 To-day we set our landmarks strong,
 Time bids us change to-morrow.

Time marches on with stately tread,
 'Tis passing evermore ;
 She counts the living and the dead
 As sands upon the shore.

Time's gentle touch may not be felt,
 So silently 'tis given,
 Yet causes firmaments to melt
 And makes of Earth a heaven.

Time tries the works of all mankind ;
 Abundant grace is shown
 To test the workmanship, to find
 If each will stand alone.

Time's finger has the touch of life,
 It also has of death;
 It gives us strength for daily strife,
 It bears away our breath.

The frosted head, the wrinkled brow,
 All show the time is near
 When we will at her mandate bow
 And leave this lower sphere.

Time works for all, we heed it not,
 The moments flee away ;
 Now is our time, Earth is the spot—
 Build for eternity.



SOWING.

IN the Springtime of life we are scattering the seed,
 Perchance it may fall by the way,
 And is trampled upon by some in their greed,
 And its life soon passeth away.

Or perchance it may fall in rich mellow ground,
 And be given protection and care;
 But when we are at rest in slumber profound,
 Some may reseed with thistle and tare.

Some seed may alight in warm, stony ground,
 And come forth at the first break of day;
 But there's not enough soil for its roots to be found,
 And at noon-time it withers away.

Some fell among thorns, and by them was o'ercome,
 And their life was doomed to decay,
 And the harvesters' song in that field was not sung,
 For the reapers passed by on their way.

But some seed took root in nice mellow ground,
 Where no enemy came to molest;
 Ten, fifty, a hundred to one it was found,
 And the reapers were abundantly blessed.
 Then stay not thy hand in sowing the seed,
 Lest some should fall by the way,
 And the fowls of the air in supplying their need,
 Leave naught for the reapers to pay.
 Select ye good seed, sow none but the best ;
 We surely shall reap as we sow.
 Perchance that the seeds by the angels be blessed,
 We may reap them wherever we go.
 Then scatter good seed to the right and the left,
 Yes, sow them broadcast everywhere ;
 They are sure to alight because of their heft,
 While the chaff floats away in the air.
 Apollos moistens the soil, Paul soweth the seeds,
 God blesseth the germs that they grow.
 If we do our share and suppress all the weeds,
 Our heaven will begin here below.



ENVIRONMENT.

AH. who shall say at birth of soul
 That life was all in vain,
 Because we had not full control
 Of self upon this plane ?
 Do all the trees on yonder hill
 Erect in stature tower ?
 Are not some bent against their will
 By storms o'erwhelming power ?
 Who blames the trees because they're bent
 And are not straight and tall ?
 If storms had not their moisture sent
 There'd be no trees at all.

Do not the streams and rivers glide
 In channels to the sea?
 Are they not changed from side to side
 By law of gravity?

Have we the power to stem the tide
 And weather all the blasts?
 Are there no pools in which we glide,
 Where currents hold us fast?

Are there no falls that bear us o'er
 To depths we would not go,
 And lead us from the peaceful shore
 To misery and woe?

We must o'ercome each chilling blast
 And conquer every sin,
 Arise from out the gloomy past,
 New life to-day begin.

If our environments mold us
 And make us what we are,
 And God made man from out the dust
 And stamped His image there;—

Like molder of the plastic clay—
 One vessel made to honor,
 Another formed a different way
 Has stamp of shame upon her—

Then we who are the vessels weak,
 Will need a helping hand,
 From those who on the lofty peaks
 Have views of promised land.

If we'd o'ercome the trifling things
 In life that vex us so,
 If we would soar where angel sings—
 We must arise and go.

And so we find o'er all the earth
 Great difference in men;
 Some are made rulers at their birth
 And millions bow to them.

But we must strive to rise above
 The things that vex us so,
 And ever lend a hand of love
 To those who are below.

Then let us lift our heads aloft
 And answer: "We are men!"
 Although we're wounded like the moth,
 We yet will soar again.

There are no depths where we may go
 From which we may not rise;
 The winter's hail, and sleet, and snow
 Fades 'neath the summer skies.

Then do your best in every way
 And live to highest light;
 The light of truth, like dawn of day,
 Dispels the darkest night.



WHY SHOULD WE FEAR DEATH.

WHY should we fear the step to take
 That leads us through the pearly gate?
 Why should we dread to go the road
 That leads us to our blest abode?

We know the way seems dark and drear
 And silent as the falling tear,
 But hand of Death we cannot stay,
 Nor drive the messenger away.

In grief our friends, with weeping eyes,
 View our departure to the skies;

Our earthly friends, they have no power
 To save us in that trying hour.
 They might as well submissive be,
 And let us go right merrily.

For holding back it ne'er will save
 The bravest king or weakest slave;
 No better boon God gave to men
 Than that they should be born again.
 The high and low, the wise and great,
 They all must pass through Death's dark gate,
 A glorious change, a second birth:
 To earth consign the things of earth,
 But let the spirit rise and soar
 And other realms and worlds explore.

Ah, who on earth would hampered be
 And stay through all eternity?
 'Tis but one step, through darkness driven,
 We then will see the light of Heaven.
 We'll roam where loved ones' feet have trod,
 And view the wondrous works of God.

All nature is a sacred book
 And spirit eyes can wisely look
 And read the planets, one by one,
 From darkest earth to brightest sun,
 And there behold the mighty race
 Of rolling orbs in endless space,
 As all in order move along
 As if attuned to heavenly song.

The earth revolves around the sun,
 The sun around great Alcyone
 And Alcyone moves on apace,
 Nor stops one moment in the race,
 But all in order move along,
 A silent and majestic throng,

Around some distant, unknown spot,
 The eye of glass has found it not;
 No eye has seen, or foot has trod,
 For 'tis the central home of God.

Nor will He e'er in future years
 Divulge all secrets of the spheres,
 But when the messenger shall come
 And bear us to our future home,
 When we have passed the gate called Death
 And have received our second breath,
 With joy we'll search the planets o'er
 And works of nature we'll adore.

All show the wisdom and the love
 In things on earth and heavens above.
 Fear not the change so great to thee,
 But wait for it most patiently,
 And do your duty here on earth;
 With joy you'll greet your second birth.



GOOD-BY TO 1900.

ROLL up the scroll, its work is done,
 We'll file it safe away;
 We'll blow the horn and beat the drum;
 We muster out to-day.

The deeds of men for a hundred years
 Are written on this scroll.
 Some lines are dimmed by falling tears,
 Some shine like burnished gold.

Some deeds will be our nation's pride
 For centuries to come,
 And there are some we fain would hide,
 That none might gaze upon.

FOR MY CHILDREN.

⑨ H, my dearest! Oh, my darling, can I ever write
of thee!

Can you, will you, in the future ever be the same
to me?

God, we thank Thee for Thy goodness when you
placed her by my side,

Full of love, and strength and gladness, she my
own sweet earthly bride.

Many years we lived together, happy in each
other's love,

But you're gone, I left to wander till the Master
calls above.

Though you're gone I sometimes feel you, feel you
standing by my side,

And methinks you'll love me ever and will be my
spirit bride.

Hard we strove to do our duty, sometimes weal
and sometimes woe,

But we had our share of gladness, times the cup
did overflow.

But the messenger did call you and you left me
here alone,

Soon you'll meet me at the river and will guide
me to our home.

Life would not be worth the living, did not hope
lift up the veil,

And it shows me I am following, ever following on
the trail,

That will lead to glad reunion in the bright and
glorious spheres,

Where there'll be no pain or sorrow, where there'll
be no cause for tears.

Yes, my dear one, I shall meet you and will love
you as of yore

And we'll nevermore be parted, never, never,
nevermore.

Oh, our children, Heaven bless them, better
 woman never bore,
 May the angels guard and lead them safe to Heav-
 ens' glorious shore.
 And their children, angels lead them, lead them
 through this world of strife,
 Teach them, earthly gains and riches are not all
 there is of life.
 Be ye good and mind your parents. Wealth of
 wisdom comes with years,
 But obedience, love and goodness sometimes comes
 through falling tears.



WHY THAT FROWN?

WHY that frown upon your brow?
 See the sun is shining!
 Hark, the birds are singing now,
 Why so much repining?
 Scowls will never make a friend—
 Figs don't grow on thistles,
 Smiles will conquer in the end;
 Hurrah for the one who whistles.
 Cease that dismal little whine;
 Come, now, wash the dishes;
 A little labor you will find
 Is better far than wishes.
 Brush the tear-drops from your eyes,
 Help prepare the dinner;
 Take your papa by surprise;
 Good victuals are a winner.
 But I will tell you, little child,
 If you would win pa's favor,
 Be like your mother, meek and mild;
 Take pride in good behavior.

A FEW THOUGHTS.

LET Spain the twenty millions keep,
 Give millions more for wrongs we've done
 And let the balmy islands sleep,
 And safely rest in tropic sun.

We want them not; they're not our clan,
 Though conquered they may seem to be,
 An alien race—a dusky man—
 Black spot on flag of liberty.

Shall we then let our banner soar,
 With such a spot, upon the breeze?
 No, pay the bills and peace restore,
 And war no more in distant seas.

We'll find enough to do at home,
 We need not cross the rolling deep,
 Raise the oppressed, bound down in gloom,
 And give them all a chance to speak.

Oppression's here within our land,
 The fairest land beneath the sun,
 The monied Kings on every hand—
 They rule the day, the ballot's run.

The people's voice is seldom heard—
 So loudly speaks the monied clan—
 Though plainly spoken, word by word,
 'Tis lost by clink of monied man.

Enough we had, and some to sell,
 Of silver good as e'er was found,
 'Twas sinned against and left to dwell
 Unminted, deep within the ground.

Restore the silver to its place,
 And worship not the yellow gold;
 The wrong we did was a disgrace,
 The misery caused can ne'er be told.

Our land is filled with tramps and trusts,
 The one to walk, the other ride—
 But trusts will go, for go they must,
 And right will come on turn of tide.

Yes, trust will burst of their own greed,
 They're not content with greater share,
 They want it all; they must take heed,
 Of labors' rights they must beware.

No more let distant cannon roar,
 Like Sinai's mount that shook the plain,
 We've work enough right at our door;
 We need not cross the surging main.

Then call a halt! We've whipped them sore,
 We've shown the world what we can do;
 Atone for wrongs, and peace restore,
 And let's begin our life anew.

Make not our starry emblem lie—
 For freedom does our banner wave
 In every land beneath the sky;
 We will not own or keep a slave.

Then sound the trumpet clear and loud,
 Let it resound from main to main;
 We'll fight no more that dusky crowd,
 But ever will their rights maintain.

A special watch o'er them we'll keep,
 We'll ever guard them, night and day,
 A faithful vigil while they sleep,
 And see no harm shall come their way.

Not guard them as we would a slave,
 For fear they'll try to run away,
 But guard them as we would a babe—
 A babe that's born but yesterday.

Show them 'twas not for greed or fame
 That made us shoot and shoot to kill,
 Nor was it in a tyrant's name,
 Nor yet to please the people's will.
 But that good laws must be maintained
 At home, on land, or in the sea;
 Lay down your arms, the law sustain;
 Hurrah for right and liberty!



MOTHERS' LOVE.

THERE are many we meet as we journey through life,
 Whose friendship grows stronger, whose love never
 fails,
 But there's none to compare with the love of a wife,
 Save that of a mother, whose love never fails.
 The mothers, God bless them, their love is the same,
 No matter how wayward the children may be,
 They stop not to censure or even to blame,
 Their love is unbounded, so full and so free.
 When they know they are wanted they're sure to be
 there,
 They come at our call to relieve our distress,
 With her hand on our brow she drives away care
 And with sweet words of comfort she soothes us to
 rest.
 No matter what cause, or who is to blame,
 Mothers' love seldom fails to cheer and to bless,
 For us her dear hands will work just the same,
 Till her fond loving heart is at last laid to rest.
 O, how we then miss the friend tried and true,
 Whose love was the same by night or by day,
 Who did more for us than all others could do,
 Who never forgot us when we went astray.

THOUGHTS ON TRAINING DAY.

WE wandered in the fields to-day
 And saw a pretty sight;
 We saw the boys in mimic play
 A training for a fight.
 They marched upon the fresh green sward
 With weapons bright and new;
 They marched and halted at the word,
 Like soldiers good and true.
 We thought it was a pretty sight,
 But some would call it grand,
 For boys to learn to shoot and fight
 And kill their fellow man.
 We did not blame the little boys,
 For we once did the same:
 We marched and fought with guns—not toys
 And bled for freedom's name.
 We broke the yoke of bondage, boys,
 And set four millions free,
 And saved the emblem of our land
 In all its purity.
 And though it was a pretty sight
 To see the boys at play,
 My heart felt sad for mothers dear,
 Whose sons fight far away.



THE RAIN.

ALL the sky is overcast,
 And it rains and it roars,
 And it sometimes fairly pours;
 And I sit and look and think
 As I see the parched earth drink,
 'Tis thankful that the rain has come at last.

Hear it rain, hear it rain,
 As it beats against the pane,
 And the torrents rush and roar
 Through the meadow and the glen;
 They will cease their turmoil when
 They have reached their home again
 In the bosom of the ocean's vast domain.

By and by the clouds will clear
 And we'll hail the blessed sunshine with delight.
 It will give new hope and cheer,
 And its rays will shine more clear
 For being for a little hid from sight.



ONE STEP HIGHER.

EH, how we long to hear the voice
 Attuned by heavenly fire,
 When it will say: "Take heart: rejoice.
 You're wanted one step higher."

To know that we have faithful been
 In all the cares of life:
 That we no more will wish to sin,
 But live above the strife.

No more the tempter will hold sway,
 Or lead us from the right:
 His hold has slipped from us away,
 And there is no more night.

That voice will speak to one and all,
 Some day, sometime, somewhere:
 And we will listen to the call,
 And dwell in life more fair

Than we have ever hoped to see,
 Or dreamed 'twould be our lot,
 To dwell in love eternally,
 Without one gloomy thought.

MAN WITHOUT A HOE.

A poor man knocks at a rich man's door,
 For a crust of bread he doth implore.
 The rich man scans with searching eyes,
 And thus unto his wants replies:
 "March on your way with weary tread,
 You'll soon be numbered with the dead;
 Your progress now is very slow,
 And have you, sir, no place to go?
 Have you no ground to till and hoe?
 These are the things we'd like to know."

"No; though I'm of the human race,
 I have no home or friendly place
 Where I can rest my weary head,
 Or even earn my daily bread;
 From house to house I ne'er would go,
 If I but had a place to hoe."

"Keep on thy way, take heart and know
 There's many a man without a hoe."

"I've marched these long and weary years;
 At times my path is dimmed with tears;
 And progress is so very slow—
 No friend or guide, not e'en a hoe,
 But ever onward do I go,
 This aimless wandering to and fro!
 Sometimes I think, why are things so
 That I can't have at least a hoe
 To rest my weary limbs upon,
 And help to bear my load along—
 My load of sighs and silent groans,
 Of weary flesh and aching bones;
 My wrinkled brow bowed down with care;
 My face, it once in youth was fair—
 But now, alas! no hope or fame;
 My fate is told like that of Cain.

Then, forward, march! nowhere to go,
 But search, I yet may find a hoe.
 Sometimes it dawns upon my brain
 There's something wrong, someone to blame.
 For I with cheer did hoe my row,
 But others reaped where I did sow.
 Is this the curse of Adam's fall,
 That some should sow, ne'er reap at all?
 That others reap but never sow?
 And some march aimless to and fro,
 In search of what, they do not know,
 And care they not which way they go?
 Perhaps we all would have our share
 If all were honest, just and fair;

But some for others take no heed;
 Their lives are spent in selfish greed;
 They're always ready for the spoil,
 To reap the fruit of others' toil;
 And then they close their selfish eyes,
 As if the truth they can disguise,
 Like ostrich, to escape the man,
 Will bury up his head in sand,
 And think, because *he* cannot see,
 The man is just as blind as *he*."

Now the rich man speaks as people do
 Who wish to hide the truth from view:
 "But you did not economize;
 You ate hoe-cake and pumpkin pies;
 Also beef, and pork and beans,
 And ham and eggs and mustard greens.
 Your clothes are dirty now and few—
 They once were bright, and clean, and new,
 Enough you had to keep you warm,
 And from the best of sheep 'twas shorn.
 And naught would make your soul more wroth
 Than mixing shoddy in your cloth.

Your boots with holes that toes stick through,
 Were made to order, sir, for you—
 Were fine enough for any dude—
 They're from the calf you killed for food,
 And now you're here without a cent,
 Because you were extravagant.
 Talk not to me about the laws,
 But look within yourself for flaws.
 If you had done as rich men do,
 You'd be as rich as they are, too,
 And for your life of sin and shame
 There's no one but yourself to blame."

The poor man, filled with rank disgust,
 Opens his mouth and answers thus:
 "Your talk would make a donkey bray,
 And drive a mule from oats away;
 An eagle to his nest would fly
 For fear of cyclone in the sky,
 But in his nest he'd sit and laugh
 To think that he was scared at chaff.
 A lion, sir, would fly in rage
 And try his best to break his cage;
 But when he really found the cause,
 A mouse could sleep between his paws.
 Although I'm here without a cent,
 There's naught for which I would repent.
 In all my life I do take pride
 To know that I have never lied
 For sake of gain or worldly pelf,
 Or e'er by fraud enriched myself:
 And now to-day I'd be afraid
 If you would offer souls to trade.
 Although I'm old, downcast and poor,
 And stand a beggar at your door,
 But wealth you'd give in great delight
 If you but had my appetite.

In yonder world so bright and fair,
 Where poor will face the millionaire,
 Where souls are known for what they're worth,
 And not for coin, or royal birth.
 But for the deeds that they've done here,
 The aid and comfort, hope and cheer
 They've lent to mortals here below,
 As on their weary march they go.
 How sadly then you'll meet the poor
 That you have driven from your door;
 Your wealth and pride, exalted name,
 Will but increase your cup of shame,
 And when both souls are in full view,
 I would not, sir, trade souls with you."
 "I raise my cane: now you be gone."
 "If coat don't fit, don't put it on."



ALONE.

FOR nearly three years I've wandered alone;
 I have houses and lands and yet have no home,
 For the Angel of Death has removed from my side
 The spirit of her who was once my fair bride.
 And now in my sorrow I mourn night and day
 For the love of my dear one who fell by the way.
 I went to a picnic to-day, all alone,
 Though many were there that I long had known;
 And I mingled with them for quite a long time,
 But no one could comfort this poor heart of mine.
 I sat in the hall where the young and the gay
 Kept time to the music the most of the day;
 And my mind took me back, away back, forsooth,
 Where I danced with my love in the days of my youth.
 Oh! how I did grieve as I sat there alone:
 To think how her life from my bosom had flown;
 And tho' all around were the young and the gay—
 I was alone with my sorrow the whole of the day.

SMILES.

SMILES are but simple little things,
 Yet; oh, the joy to tell,
 They're not alone for lords or kings,
 But for the serfs as well.

We may be poor in earthly gain,
 Yet have a jovial heart,
 And we may smile in greatest pain
 That causes tears to start.

And we may smile at thought of death,
 We need not fear to die;
 'Tis but the passing of the breath
 To fairer worlds on high.

'Tis better far to smile than grieve,
 'Twill help to stem the tide.
 We've greater strength when we believe
 Our bark all storms will ride.

'Tis just as well to smile as cry;
 We think it better far
 To have a bright and smiling eye
 Than let our weeping mar.

Then give a smile, aye, one, two, three,
 A good broad smile to all:
 And may it fill all hearts with glee,
 But cause no tears to fall.



HOW PLEASANT!

HOW pleasant when the day is done,
 And we retire to rest,
 To know that we've wronged no one—
 That we have done our best.

To know that we've been good and kind
 To all we've met to-day,
 That we have spoken pleasant words,
 To cheer them on their way.

This is a pleasant world we're in,
 And we should ever try
 To see the good in everything
 And let the bad pass by.

There's many whom we meet in life
 Who may look stern and cold,
 But it may be the inner life
 Would shine like burnished gold.

The earth is filled with precious gems,
 But they are hid from view,
 While those that lie exposed to sight
 Are very, very few.

Then judge no one by what you see
 Upon the outer side:
 The finest pearls beneath the sea
 May have rough shells in which they hide.



MAKE A FRIEND OF YOURSELF.

MAKE a friend of yourself
 While you journey below,
 And look well to the kind
 Of seeds that you sow.
 For none would be happy
 In heaven above,
 To be winnowing out hate
 From the harvest of love.
 In the long, weary night,
 Where darkness holds sway,
 We serenely will rest
 Till the dawn of the day,

If our conscience is clear
 And free from all sin,
 And the bright star of love
 Is shining within.

Be at peace with yourself,
 Make sure of one friend,
 Who in dark, doubtful moments
 A strong arm will lend.
 "Self" ever is near you,
 Be your gait fast or slow,
 And will comfort and cheer you
 Wherever you go.



AMERICA.

LAND ever for freedom, proud land of our birth,
 O, why should we war to have more of earth?
 The gold of the mountains, the gems of the sea
 And the bright sparkling fountains pay tribute to thee.
 The swift moving steamers, the incoming tide,
 Adds strength to our nation and great wealth beside,
 The breath of the ocean bears food near and far,
 That's raised by the toilers 'neath Liberty star.
 When famine's gaunt finger is felt in a land,
 To whom do they look but to dear Uncle Sam?
 Was there ever a call that was made all in vain?—
 We answer: "A cargo will be sent by first train!"
 Sending clothes to the needy, relieving distress—
 Our nation is always ahead of the rest.
 Giving food to the hungry speaks better by far
 Than all the loud notes of our engines of war,
 For shame, fair Columbia, to have it be said,
 You're sending forth bullets instead of our bread.
 Cease striving for greatness, Earth's wealth to obtain,
 But untarnished forever hold sacred our name.

CHRISTMAS FOR THE CHILDREN.

HAS Santa Claus been here again?
 I feared he would not come,
 He lives away up in the North,
 Where the reindeer make their home.

The children all expect he'll come
 A riding in a sled,
 With robes of fur and mittens on
 And snow-flakes on his head.

But here in this warm clime of ours,
 His sled would never do;
 Although his deer are very strong,
 They could not pull him through.

His deer are strong and sleek and quick,
 But they are used to snow;
 Here they would jump and snort and kick—
 In dust they will not go.

I don't see how he ever came
 And brought so many things,
 Unless he harnessed up some owls
 And came here on their wings.

He did not come upon the cars,
 They would not check him through;
 He seldom carries ready cash,
 And trinkets would not do.

If he should ever come by rail,
 The truth is plain enough,
 They'd have to ship him here by freight,
 He carries so much stuff.

Oh! it may be he came by boat
 And landed in the night,
 When all the people were asleep,
 So none would take a fright.

You need not try to guess, my boys,
 For guessing is no use;
 Perhaps he boxed and shipped the toys
 And came with Mother Goose.

For Mother Goose is sure to come,
 She's never known to fail;
 She always brings her books along
 With many a fairy tale.

Maybe that he has learned the art
 A wheel to ride and steer—
 Who could be trusted with the toys?
 That part is not so clear.

Ah! now we see it very plain,
 He loves the children so;
 It was the childrens' loving hearts,
 That brought him here, we know!



RESPONSE TO AN ENCORE.

AH, me! I fear that I must cry,
 My head is like a sieve;
 My thoughts have all gone through the pores
 And I have naught to give.
 There's brother Dave, and sister Mat,
 They write whene'er they please,
 Of barking dog or squalling cat,
 Or e'en of jumping fleas;
 But me! O, my! I rack my brain
 And turn it inside out—
 But Ah! 'Alas! 'tis all in vain—
 To grind a poem out.
 Well, now, let's see, what can I do?
 I'm billed to entertain;
 I give it up, It must fall through;
 To try is all in vain.

AVALON.

NO pen of mine can e'er portray
The beauties of this island bay,
Where mountain peaks above us rise,
Like castles grand, high in the skies.
Here gentle waves dash at our feet
And then recede, again they meet
Another wave, and then they pour
Their sparkling water on the shore.
Seldom the billows here hold sway
In this secluded, peaceful bay.
Here fish are seen, both small and great,
From early morn till evening late.
In countless schools they're passing by,
They swim and jump and even fly.
And some are playing just for fun,
Others are basking in the sun,
While some with wise, suspicious look
Are glancing at the angler's hook.
Others are struggling with their might,
For they have made the fatal bite.
Wise ones look on in great dismay,
Then turn their tails and swim away.
And anglers look with faces long
And sigh because the sign is wrong.
They lift their hooks, spit on the bait
And then again in patience wait.
There's lots of sport for those who wish
To catch the larger kinds of fish,
If well supplied with rod and reel
And hooks made of the best of steel.
We go with Joe, the Indian guide,
And out beyond the bay we glide,
And Oh, what joy to hear the swish
When we have struck a gamey fish.

There's Tuna, Cod, and Yellow tail,
 And Jewfish covered o'er with mail.
 Yes, there are Shark and Albercore—
 The list's too long to mention o'er.
 But it requires much nerve and skill
 To land such fish against their will.
 It tries the courage of the brave
 To battle here with fish and wave.
 Serenely now old Joe will stand
 And calmly wait with gaff in hand
 And help to gratify our wish
 And land for us a mighty fish.
 And when our fishing sport is o'er,
 And we are safe again on shore,
 We'll listen to the band at play:
 It helps to drive dull care away.
 And then into the hall we go
 And trip the "light fantastic toe",
 With charming maids of beauty rare,
 With dimpled cheek and golden hair.
 To hear one laugh is such a treat,
 It puts new movements in our feet,
 It warms our blood, inspires our brain
 And makes us think we're young again.
 Our fishing sport is in the shade,
 For we prefer a merry maid.
 We almost fear that we shall cry
 When we shall have to say good-bye,
 And leave this spot, so free from strife,
 And battle once again with life.
 We make a vow to sooth our brain,
 That we will soon return again.
 I need not tell the royal fun
 That's here for those who use the gun.
 There're foxes, quail and mountain goat,
 In canyons close and hills remote,

And, if you're used to hunting game
You'll seldom fail to bag the same;
For those who start in early morn
At eve return with goats' big horn.
It all depends upon your nerve,
'There's plenty game in this preserve.
Its all in vain, I cannot tell
The beauties of this island dell.
Where land and sky and ocean meet
In gentle wavelets at our feet.
All nature here has done her best
To make a place where man can rest,
And lay aside all anxious care
And lie and breathe the balmy air,
Relax his tired nerves and brain,
And build them up for future strain.
Here we can run with perfect ease—
No tonic like the ocean breeze.
And pleasure here doth find full sway,
'There's naught to fear in this blessed bay.
Here gentle waves forever roll,
Like sweetest music on the soul.
While raging billows, surging tide,
In anger dash the other side,
Its heard and seen for miles away
Old ocean's roar and salty spray.
But here the wavelets gently beat
In peaceful ripples at our feet,
And gently whisper in our ears
The accents of the heavenly spheres.
Methinks I hear the wavelets say:
'There's much in store for this blest bay.



APOLOGY TO A WOUNDED FOOT.

FORGIVE me, foot, that I hurt you so,
 It never should have been;
 To cut and bruise, and make blood flow
 When you've been such a friend.

You've served me well for many a year,
 And never refused, I know,
 To take me where my duties were,
 Or where I wished to go.

You were there through all, when I was small,
 And life was full of pleasure,
 Were always ready, at my call,
 To help fill up joy's measure.

You carried me o'er hill and dale,
 In any kind of weather,
 And when we nearly lost the trail
 And were snow-bound together,

You carried me where in the meadows fair
 The joyous birds were singing,
 And daisies bright lift their heads in sight,
 Where the bells of the cows were ringing.

Yes, you were there when a maiden fair
 And I held hands together,
 When I kissed her brow with the solemn vow
 That naught but death should sever.

You bore me up when the bitter cup
 With grief my heart was rending,
 And gave me all your strength at call,
 E'en to the journey's ending.

You rode with me along the trail
 Where the brightest flowers bloom,
 And in the shadow of the vale
 Held me beside her tomb.

I know that you within your shoe
 Did tremble like a leaf,
 For fear that I would surely die,
 So intense was my grief.

You and your mate, in many a state,
 Have carried me together,
 Glad to relate that ne'er has fate
 Decreed that we should sever.

I trust that Time with healing wine
 Will make you good as ever,
 And may we three in peace agree,
 Till we scale the heights together.



BOYHOOD DAYS.

WELL, we remember, when a boy,
 How we were pleased with simplest toy;
 And how, as we in stature grew,
 The simple toys no more would do;
 We searched within the woods for fun,
 With "stub-twist" double-barrel gun,
 And many were the kinds of game
 That met their death by our true aim,
 And many a delicious meal
 We made on pigeon, snipe or teal,
 And rabbit, quail and prairie-hen,
 Or pheasant from the darkest glen;
 E'en squirrel from his lofty seat
 Came tumbling downward at our feet.
 'Twas not in need we used the gun,
 But just for healthy, careless fun,
 For father's home was well supplied
 With meat both cured and fresh, or dried;
 But something wild from off the range
 Was prized by all just for a change.

But now I often do repent,
 That time was not much better spent,
 And sit and mourn in doleful lays
 The way I spent my childhood days;
 For school and books I'd little care,
 My mind was seldom ever there.

Had I but learned the art, when young,
 To speak my thoughts with pen and tongue,
 I might have lived a better life,
 Had more of gain and less of strife;
 Were I to choose again, I know,
 That I would no more hunting go,
 Unless 'twas when the school was out
 I'd take my gun and stroll about;
 But I will cease, no more complain—
 There's no one but my self to blame.



THE HAVEN OF REST.

HAVE you been to my home, the "Haven of Rest,"
 Where the pure mountain air builds hope in the
 breast—

Where widows and maids, e'en old men, forsooth,
 Are sure to renew the fountains of youth;
 Where the mocking-bird trills to his mate on her
 nest,

And the whippoorwill's song will lull you to rest;
 Where the fragrance of flowers is in every breeze,
 And their sweet, golden nectar is stored by the bees;
 Where we're fanned every day by the breath of
 the deep,

And the cool mountain zephyrs will woo you to
 sleep;

Where the mountains, like castles, far heavenward
 tower,

A symbol of grandeur, sublimity, power;

And on their fair faces there oft-times are seen
 All the hues of the rainbow with background of
 green.

Each vies with the other—in harmony blend—
 And speaks to the soul like the voice of a friend.
 'Tis heard by the poet and sketched by his pen,
 And is passed from his brain to the children of men,
 And will thrill down the ages in full notes of rhyme,
 Like the words of the sages, in accents sublime.
 Yes, this is a haven, a sweet haven of rest,
 Where kind Mother Nature has striven her best—
 From the deep and dark canyons to the bright
 mountain top,
 And the pure, sparkling water right fresh from
 the rock;
 Where the chorus of song-birds, the humming of
 bees,
 The rare, brilliant flowers and cool, shady trees—
 To make a fair haven, a restful retreat,
 Where the sick and the weary in harmony meet,
 And the bright bloom of health rests again on the
 cheek.
 'Tis just such a haven the weary should seek.
 But this haven of rest is as naught to compare
 To that haven above for which all should prepare;
 Where sickness will never be felt any more,
 And love shall e'er rule on that bright, tranquil
 shore.



TO THE MEMORY OF A GRANDCHILD.

A SPARK of life came from the darkness,
 Like a gleam of sun's bright ray,
 And it paused upon our threshold
 And we prayed that it might stay.

But it paused just for a moment,
 Like a flash of diamond bright;
 We scarce had time to gaze upon it,
 Ere it faded from our sight.

It was like a flash of lightning,
 That she passed from earth away,
 And it left us all in darkness,
 Save the light of memory.

Yes, the angels took our darling
 To their heavenly home away,
 Leaving us to mourn in sorrow
 O'er her lifeless form of clay.

Though she was so young and tender,
 And so short her stay on earth,
 Yet we know the bud will blossom
 And unfold a heavenly birth.

But we feel our loss so deeply,
 And our fate we do deplore,
 Still we know that we shall meet her,
 When we pass to Heaven's bright shore.

May the love of heaven surround us,
 Ever guide us here below,
 And the memory of our darling
 Light our path where'er we go.

Bright spark of life, fond ray of hope,
 Thy form we may not see,
 But some day you will know your own
 And you will then return to me.

And we know 'tis no delusion,
 'Tis no vague fancy of the brain,
 Tho' she's gone, we cannot see her,
 We yet will feel her love again.

As the lilies love the sunshine
 And the roses love the dew,
 So our darling loves her mamma
 And she will come back to you.

As the ocean holds the river
 And the river holds the rill,
 So your heart doth hold your baby
 And her spirit's with you still.

Cease your sorrow and your sighing,
 Live for those who need you here,
 You have yet three precious darlings,
 And they need their mamma dear.

And within the distant future,
 When we reach the great unknown,
 Then we know that we shall find her
 In a mansion of her own.

When upon each head is shining
 Crown of gems and beauty rare,
 Then you'll see upon your darling
 Brightest crown of glory there—
 Crown that none but babes may wear.



TICKING.

TICKING, ticking all the day,
 How the time does fly away,
 How the seconds come and go
 Just like marbles in a row,
 Ever rolling on and on;
 Scarcely come, when they are gone,
 Fade from sight just one by one,
 Like the dew drops in the sun;
 Where they go none knows the place
 Though they sometimes leave a trace,

Or a track while they were here,
 Be it moments, months or year.
 See them go, how swift they fly,
 Never stop to say good-bye,
 Never halting on the way,
 Ticking off the time of day;
 None can check them in their flight,
 In the darkness or the light,
 Always coming never stay,
 Simply passing time away;
 Nations rise and nations fall,
 For the ticking beats them all.
 Never stops, to none she'll bow,
 Lives in the eternal now.
 Hope the time will never come
 When your ticking will be done.
 If you slumbered in the night
 And forgot to bring the light,
 If the ticking e'er should stop
 Of creation's wonderous clock,
 None could tell the reason why
 For all living things would die.



TO FATHER.

GRAND sire of a numerous host,
 That very few on earth can boast,
 Can you discern the coming day?
 Do you behold an angry storm
 Of nations striving to be born?
 No, all is well, methinks, you say.
 Or can you with prophetic eye
 Discern the future in the sky,
 And warn us of our future fate?
 Or can you see the skies are clear
 And there is naught for us to fear?
 We're ruled by love instead of hate!

Oh can you not some message leave,
 To cheer the hearts of those who grieve,
 And greatly miss you when you'r gone,
 Some message of parental love
 To guide us to your home above,
 And fill our mourning hearts with song;
 We know the good advise you've given
 Is like the stars that point to heaven,
 Will ever rest in memories hall;
 But we would like another line
 No matter whether prose or rhyme
 Before you heed the final call.



DECORATION DAY, 1900.

WE'LL deck the graves alike to-day—
 Each brave but fallen brother;
 No steel e're met with braver foe,
 Nor will it find another.
 'Tis sad for foe to meet in strife,
 But sadder yet for brother.
 No more we'll meet in deadly strife,
 The bugle sounds, but sounds in vain;
 No more in fields of carnage rife
 Will brothers' blood imbue the plain,
 For we as one will e'er remain.
 Then strew the flowers upon each grave,
 'Tis but the dust that's buried there;
 The soul has gone to him who gave
 And dwells in peace forever, where
 Brotherly love pervades the air.
 Then sheathe the sword and ne'er again
 May war's dark mantle o'er us fall;
 May love and peace forever reign,
 And may all answer to the call
 Of kindly deeds to one and all.

FOR JAMES E. BAKER ON HIS 83d BIRTHDAY.

I 'M four-score years and three to-day,
 I'm stronger now than when
 An infant frail in arms I lay
 Of those who loved me then.

If then, as I do older grow,
 I see that I am stronger,
 Why should I not some courage show
 And try to live years longer?

Though Death at times comes near my door,
 I say to him: "Be-gone!"
 I've started on another score,
 I may live on and on.

Long years I've lived on Mother Earth,
 I haste not to forsake her,
 But when there dawns my second birth,
 All's well with James E. Baker.



THOUGHTS ON THANKSGIVING DAY.

I N converse sweet once more we meet
 With friends on earth we dearly love,
 Nor deem our happiness complete
 Without a thought of those above.

Not thoughts that would reflect in pain
 And fill our eyes with scalding tears;
 Nor would we wish them back again
 To dwell with us a few short years.

Not thoughts of grief nor yet of fear,
 But thoughts of love we would impart;
 Methinks we feel their presence near,
 And heart once more communes with heart.

THE SPARK DIVINE.

NOT one spark of life is lost,
 Though our bark be tempest-tossed,
 And mad waves around us roll,
 They can never wreck the soul.

We may be by sin oppressed
 And do that which is not best,
 Yet the soul is ever pure,
 Hates the deed but not the doer.

Each one has a spark divine
 Which will bloom in its own time,
 And bear fruit on life's fair tree,
 Throughout all eternity.



AN EXCUSE TO A FRIEND FOR NOT WRITING A POEM.

WHAT! I to write a poem
 For one whose souls' in tune
 To the harmonies of Nature,
 Like the mocking bird in June?
 Who sees in leaf and flower
 Intelligence divine,
 Whose soul is tuned to melody
 More sensitive than mine;
 Whose ear vibrates to music
 Of the rippling of the rill,
 Or the chirping of the sparrow,
 Or the song of whippoorwill.
 Who sees a God of Wisdom
 In every breeze that blows,
 And beholds His loving presence
 In the dew-drop on the rose,

In fact perceives the beauty
 In all things, great and small
 And knows God's love and wisdom
 Is the maker of them all.
 What, I to sing a song for her?
 Why, she should sing for me,
 And fill my weary soul with joy,
 By her sweet melody.



THE OCEAN.

OH! we love the mighty ocean,
 Love to hear its billows roar,
 As the mighty waves come dashing,
 Dashing, crashing on the shore,
 Just as they have done before:
 Simply dashing, nothing more.
 See the waves are all in motion,
 Always coming toward the shore,
 Coming, going, ever moving,
 Breaking, dashing as before;
 Simply rolling on the shore;
 Always rolling, evermore.
 Yes, 'tis like the oft repeating
 Of life's duties o'er and o'er;
 Ever forward, then receding,
 Beating time upon the shore,
 Sometimes less and sometimes more,
 Just the same as e'er before;
 Always rolling on the shore.
 Now we'll go to yonder headland,
 And the Muse we will implore:
 Show us why the gentle billows
 Break here with such deafening roar,
 Sending spray, and salty water,
 Drenching us as ne'er before?
 Its rock foundation, nothing more.

Yes, the waves are always rolling,
 Rolling gently on the shore;
 Or, maybe, in anger breaking,
 And with grand and muffled roar
 Fairly shake the earth's foundation,
 Throwing spray far on the shore,
 As it oftentimes did before.

Life is like the restless ocean,
 Bearing freight from shore to shore,
 Oft the waves lash in commotion
 On the side of earthly shore;
 But they're ever gently rippling,
 Where the storms can come no more,
 Where our friends have gone before.

All must launch upon the billows
 Of this rolling, restless sea;
 Ever moving, never resting,
 Moving on to destiny;
 Prince or pauper, high or low;
 Barques are moving, all must go;
 Scarcely moving, but we go.

Life is like the rolling ocean,
 Always moving, ne'er at rest;
 Bearing life upon her bosom,
 Human life upon her breast;
 And we're drifting, ever drifting
 With the ebb and flow of tide,
 Ever moving, changing, shifting,
 Whether fast or slow we glide.

And at times we think we're nearer,
 Nearer to that other shore,
 When some loved one that is dearer,
 Dearer than had gone before,
 Beckons us to leave life's pleasures,
 And like them be wafted o'er;

For the one who does the rowing
Simply wills from shore to shore,
Simply wills and nothing more.

And we know not what's before us,
Breakers may be just ahead;
Place your trust, then, in the Pilot,
There is naught we need to dread.
Yes, we'll leave all to the Pilot,
Just as all have done before,
For we're sure that they were landed
Safely on the other shore,
Where the billows break no more,
Laughing ripples evermore.

Many friends we'll have to meet us
When we reach that other shore,
And we think with joy they'll greet us,
As they've greeted us before;
And we'll never more be parted,
And earth's trials will be o'er,
And the glorious love of heaven
Fills our souls forevermore,
Fills as ne'er 'twas filled before,
Filled up full and running o'er.

Tongue can never tell the glories
Of that bright, celestial shore;
There we'll eat the bread of heaven,
And will hunger nevermore:
And we'll drink the living waters
From the fountain streams of life;
And we'll meet our sons and daughters,
Freed from toil and weary strife.
When their earthly course is ended,
And their heavenly one begun,
Then we hope there will be missing
Not one darling little one.

WAITING.

WHO knows the mysteries of death?
 None knows the secrets of his ways,
 What caused us first to draw our breath,
 What takes it now and ends our days.
 The time will come, we all shall know
 Why life to us on earth is given,
 May be our mission here below,
 Is to prepare our souls for heaven.
 But we must all with patience wait,
 At best it can't be very long,
 Sometimes, methinks, they're at the gate:
 The burial hearse, the funeral throng.
 I fear them not, my heart is sick,
 In haste I'd open wide the door,
 I'm here, O Lord, receive me quick
 And guide me safe to yonder shore.
 My faith is great, it can't be worse,
 I think, it better far would be
 To loose these bands, this casket burst
 And set my restless spirit free.
 Weep not for me when I am gone,
 But rather, lift your hearts in praise
 To him who leads from dark to dawn
 And gives to us our length of days.
 The bounds are fixed that none can pass,
 No matter whether rich or poor,
 We'll wait our time 'twill come at last,
 It may be now just at the door.
 We cannot tell, for no one knows,
 When messenger of death will come.
 At active work, or calm repose,
 When he doth call, we'll all go home.

SOLILOQUY.

ARE you gone—yes gone forever?
 Shall I never see you more?
 Oh, cannot the veil be lifted?
 Is there not an open door,
 Where our souls can hold communion
 With the loved ones gone before?

 Speak, oh, speak some word of comfort;
 Let me hear your voice again.
 Dearest loved one of my bosom,
 Are my prayers and tears in vain?
 Do you know my joys and sorrows?
 Can you cheer this troubled brain?

 Must I ever grope in sadness,
 While dark waves around me roll?
 Will there not some ray of gladness
 Lift the shadows off my soul?
 Speak! my heart is filled with sadness,
 Sadness I cannot control.

 Hark! methinks I hear an echo
 From the bright celestial shore:
 “Dearest, loved one, I am near you;
 Grieve, oh, grieve for me no more!
 Let the still, small voice of reason
 Ever guide you, I implore.

 “Yes, I know your joys and sorrows;
 Yes, there is an open door;
 And the veil will lift to-morrow,
 And we’ll see as ne’er before—
 See the glorious light of heaven,
 Dwell in wisdom evermore.

 “At times there is a little shadow
 On the threshold of our door,
 When we see our friends are grieving

For the loved ones gone before.
Haste and put away your sorrow;
Cast no shadow on this shore.

"Earthly sorrows are but fleeting;
Cast, oh, cast your grief away.
Soon will come the happy meeting,
Soon will dawn a brighter day,
And we'll love each other ever—
Love that fails not on the way.

"Soon the glorious light of heaven
Will upon the darkness pour,
And all doubts and fears and sorrows
Will depart to come no more.
Death again will never sever
Those united on this shore.

"And we'll know each other better,
Know as we ne'er knew before,
And with joy we'll soar together
And the universe explore;
And no sorrow e'er will enter
O'er the threshold of our door."



GOOD ADVICE.

LET no evil thought beguile us,
Let no form of sin defile us,
Or lead us far astray;
Ever guard each fleeting moment
And you'll not need an atonement
For the sins of yesterday.

If we do but good to-day,
Ever follow in the way
Of righteous thought and action,

We will ever know no fear,
 And will meet all things with cheer;
 Right will keep us from distraction.

Good thoughts help the soul immortal,
 Open wide the pearly portal,
 And we see the other side,
 Where our friends have gone before us;
 And we sometimes hear their chorus
 Wafted on the evening tide.

Oh, if we but only knew
 That our thoughts were in full view
 Of those who are above us,
 Methinks that we would courage take,
 And ever would all wrong forsake
 For the sake of those who love us.

There's a higher life for all
 If we but listen to the call
 Of truth that speaks within us;
 Close not the portals of the mind,
 But ever seek, and we shall find
 That good lies hidden in us.

To bring forth good, then, to the light,
 We must supplant all wrong with right.
 Or wrong will overcome us;
 The grandest thing for us to do
 Is, choose the right, her path pursue
 And never, never shun it.

Oh, the good we all would do,
 If we'd keep this thought in view—
 That all mankind are brothers;
 And we'll ever stand or fall
 For the equal rights of all,
 And labor for the good of others.

THE GOLDEN BOWL IS BROKEN.

ANONYMOUS.

THE golden bowl is broken,
 That held loves rosy wine,
 The last fond word is spoken
 That hailed thee once as mine.
 We are fated now to sever,
 Yet on the land or sea,
 By day, by night, for ever
 My heart will yield to thee;
 Though the golden bowl be broken,
 My heart will yield to thee.

The silver cord is silent,
 That thrilled beneath thy hand,
 As on some desert island
 Mid fallen hopes I stand,
 And yet where'er I wander,
 Thy form I still do see,
 As o'er the past I ponder,
 My heart will yield to thee.
 Though the silver cord be silent,
 My heart still yields to thee.

Oh each imperfect token
 Is vain my love to tell.
 Though the golden bowl be broken
 And the silver cord as well,
 Fond memory still must cherish
 The hopes so dear to me,
 Till life's dark dream shall perish,
 My heart will yield to thee.
 Though the golden bowl be broken,
 My heart will yield to thee.
 Though the silver cord be silent,
 My heart still yields to thee.

FOR THE LITTLE CHILDREN.

WHEN first we came to mother earth,
 Frail little things were we;
 And tho' our eyes were very bright,
 But little did we see.

Our loving mothers watched o'er us
 By night as well as day;
 Our little wants were well supplied,
 Though little did we say.

And if our memory serves us well,
 We didn't speak at all;
 We simply opened wide our mouths,
 And gave a little squall.

It answered just as well as speech,
 We think perhaps 'twas better—
 That little, tiny baby screech,
 Without one word or letter.

Our mammas seemed to understand
 Our every want and need;
 A fairy queen from fairyland
 Ne'er came with greater speed.

We had the best of everything,
 Mamma could find, that's good;
 She fixed it up her own dear self,
 And gave it to us for food.

And if we ever wanted more,
 It came at our command;
 A cup of plenty at our door,
 Another close at hand.

A king with scepter in his hand
 Ne'er fared on better food;
 The best of all that's in the land,
 And prepared very good.

Our mammas washed us every day,
 And combed our silky hair,
 And all the pay that mamma got,
 Was love from baby fair.

We can't remember why we came,
 We were so very small;
 But we are here now just the same,
 And mamma loves us all.

I know 'twas mamma's loving care
 That made me what I am;
 And now we think it only fair
 To help her all we can.

We know papa is very good,
 He thinks he did his share;
 He used to hold us when he could,
 And drive away dull care.

And now you've heard our story thro',
 Of our first days on earth;
 We hope that it will comfort you,
 This song of baby birth.

Oh, may the angels watch o'er us
 By night as well as day;
 A constant vigil o'er us keep,
 And hear us when we pray.

CHORUS.

God bless our home so full of love,
 And may it ever stay,
 Until the angels from above
 Shall bear our souls away.



Hate destroys and tears us down,
 But love will build for us a crown
 That we shall wear in realms above,
 Where hate is overcome by love.

LIBERTY.

'TIS sad to see want in this land of ours,
 That's noted for plenty, and sunshine and flowers;
 It's well worth the while to find out the cause,
 There may be a wrong in some of our laws.
 Are not our cousins over the way
 As well off or better than we are to-day?
 But there's one thing for which we all should be proud,
 Our freedom to speak, if we dont speak too loud.
 Yes, freedom of speech, and freedom of pen,
 Is a God given right to both Angels and men.
 That man is not free who would not speak aloud,
 For fear that his views will not suit the crowd;
 But forever keep grinding his thoughts in his head,
 Till his best days are gone and he finds himself dead.
 Then show up the light that is given to you,
 To light your own way and let others see, too.
 Arise in your manhood and raise high your light,
 Long under the bushel it's been out of sight.
 It's no use to you or any one there,
 So lift up the cover and give it the air.
 At first it may flicker and maybe go out,
 But light it again, 'twill make your heart stout.
 At first it may sputter and not want to go,
 But light it again, 'twill soon make a show.
 Great comfort you'll take when the flames leap on high,
 And illumine mother earth and part of the sky,
 To know that you did it by earnest endeavor,
 And you'll cherish and keep it forever and ever.
 Remember to see that your light is the truth,
 For error will flicker and die in its youth.
 But truth will grow brighter, the longer it burns,
 Her light is the love for which our soul yearns.
 So then do no falter or wait for a chance,
 For fear that your light is too much in advance

Of public opinion and old fashion ways,
 And lie down to sleep in lullaby lays.
 For while you're asleep the world's moving on,
 And when you awake your chance may be gone.
 You'll find in this life brave ones are ahead,
 Whilst cowards and weaklings have to be led.
 If you have one thought you know in advance,
 Just raise up the bushel and give it a chance.
 It may some day do as did Noah's dove,
 Return home again with emblems of love.
 Lift up the bushel and let shine your light,
 Some may be lost in the dark depths of night,
 Your light may then be the saving of life,
 The bringing of comfort to children and wife.
 You know not the good that your light may do.
 The helping of others is sure to help you.
 Then hold up your light whenever you can,
 And be of some use to poor fellow man.



THE RESTLESS BROOK.

WHY have we such mournful faces?
 What makes us feel as if we'd cry?
 Just listen to the happy murmur
 Of the brook now gliding by.
 It pauses not to stop and tell us
 Of the stony paths that it came o'er,
 Or how it tumbled off the mountain,
 Falling a thousand feet or more.
 How it dashed among the boulders,
 How it arose in mist and spray,
 And how the wind did bear it seaward,
 And dropped it far out on the bay;
 And of all the mighty struggles
 That it had with wind and tide,
 How at last it soared above them,
 Again was dashed on mountain-side.

How it always is arising
 Over vale and hill and plain,
 And all nature smiles with gladness
 At the coming of the rain.
 Never does it stop to mutter
 As it swiftly glides along,
 That its path is rough and stony,
 That its course is deep and long.

But ever onward, never resting,
 Winding through the meadows fair,
 Sun and tide and wind obeying,
 Showering blessings everywhere.



STRAY THOUGHTS.

OH, have we nothing new to-day,
 No lofty thoughts from realms of light,
 No word to guide us on our way
 To glorious mansions out of sight?

Hark! Methinks I hear a voice,
 'Tis borne to us on wings of light;
 It bids us look, take heart, rejoice;
 It rends the veil that dims our sight.

It speaks to us good words of cheer
 And bid us ope our eyes and look,
 It drives away each anxious tear
 And bids us learn from Nature's book.

To read aright will make us wise,
 The scales from off our eyes will fall,
 And we will find to our surprise,
 That God is love, and loves us all.

I have no time to write a verse
 Or e'en an old one to rehearse;
 For soon the sun, with brilliant ray,
 Will usher in the light of day,
 And as it doth to zenith climb
 And measure off to us the time,
 We should be sure that 'tis well spent
 And nothing done we need repent.

O, happy the man who's at peace with himself
 And who has no dissensions within,
 While the bright ray of love ever shines in his
 breast,
 And his conscience is free from all sin.
 The winds they may blow and the mad billows roar,
 The rain on his bare head descend,
 The storm in its fury may break in his door,
 Yet he knows 'tis the work of a friend.

We need not look without for proof,
 But turn our thoughts within,—
 What caused the beating of the heart,
 The place where life begins?
 We did not come of our own will,
 Nor were we asked about it,
 God's love did in our being thrill,
 We'd not been here without it.
 If, then, we came here by God's love—
 And you need never doubt us—
 We will return to him above,
 He would not be without us.
 Then let us strive to raise our eyes
 To things that are above us,
 And courage take, we'll win the prize,
 So surely as God loves us.

I was plowing in the field to-day,
 When a thought came in my head,
 And this is what it seemed to say,
 Or what I thought it said:

Why delve so hard with plow and hoe,
 A living to obtain!

Just let the manual labor go,
 And work more with the brain.

They have the most of earthly gain,
 Who reap where others sow,
 For them there is no lack of grain,
 They reap where'er they go.

No one can live the highest life,
 Who tries to live for self alone,
 Each one should have a mate in life,
 And children dear should bless each home.

There're many different kinds of love,
 'Tis even found in lowest life.
 The best of all comes from above,
 'Tis love for home, and child, and wife.

Some love is blind, it cannot see,
 'Tis apt to stumble, it may fall,
 No matter what our destiny,
 Blind love's preferred to none at all.

Some people have a love for fame,
 And some have love for worldly pelf,
 And some desire to have a name,
 That will resound in praise of self.

This world of ours is one of strife:
 In darkness we do vainly grope,
 So long as there's a spark of life,
 There always is a ray of hope.

THE FOLLY OF WISDOM.

IF "little wisdom is a dangerous thing,"
 Why! greater will more danger bring.
 Then set your stake right here at once
 And nothing learn—just be a dunce.

This constant rush for wealth and fame
 Is very trying to our frame,
 Breaks down the nerves, disturbs the heart,
 And misery reigns in every part.

Then what's the use to fret and stew,
 'Cause others are ahead of you?
 No matter, whether foe or friend,
 We all will reach our journey's end.

And if we loiter on the way,
 And idly spend our time to-day,
 We'll reach the goal, we need not fear,
 There's always someone in the rear.

At right or left, in front or rear,
 The learned man is always near,
 And if you have good common sense,
 And also blessed with "Peters' pence,"
 You just begin a little blinking
 And wisest men will do your thinking.

Now, this may sound a little tough;
 No man has ever had enough
 Of earthly praise, or wealth or fame,
 And if he's learned 'tis just the same;
 Just mention gold and wink your eye—
 You can his wakeful moments buy.

Nay, more, he'll work from dark till day
 If you will just increase his pay,
 And if he knew, by rise of sun
 His earthly life would all be done,

He'd work for you with hand and brain,
If he but could more gold obtain.

Why should we then e'er go to school,
If wisest man is biggest fool?



CALIFORNIA MEDLEY.

WE'VE reached the land of milk and honey,
Where water is scarce—and so is money,
But flowers are in perpetual bloom,
The air is filled with sweet perfume.

CHORUS:

Oh, sunny land, dear sunny land,
Our love for thee will ever stand,
Though we've had trouble o'er and o'er
Since coming to this sunny shore,
And yet, we know that God doth rule;
This life is but an infant school.

The golden fruit is on the trees,
'Tis fanned each day by ocean breeze;
At night the mountain zephyrs blow,
For God Himself hath made it so.

Our fruits they ripen one by one,
Ere one is gone others have come;
From early peach to winter pear,
There is enough and some to spare.

We welcome strangers to our shore;
We like your gold—if nothing more;
And when you come, join in our class
And stay as long as money lasts.

Now, if you think of coming here,
Mind you, the soil is very dear;
So look around and use great care—
You buy the soil and not the air.

O, 'tis a land of great surprise,
 You scarcely can believe your eyes;
 And if you store up all you hear,
 You'll truly need a donkey's ear.

'Tis best to note all points of view;
 Give ear to those you know are true;
 And then look out, for you may find
 That someone had an ax to grind.

Now this advice may not please you,
 But you will find my words are true:
 If you would save your hoarded pelf
 Have but one friend, and that—yourself.

To write this verse it makes me sad:
 Some of the soil is very bad;
 To raise a crop you need not try,
 It is so full of alkali.

Of fishes we have several score—
 There's whale, and cod, and many more;
 And as for shark, all must agree
 They're found on land and in the sea.

And when you take an ocean ride
 With wife and children by your side,
 You may see shark, but, understand,
 We only fear those found on land.

Saddest of all, we must relate:
 Most every one will take a bait;
 It matters not how nice the look,
 Beneath you'll find the angler's hook.

These lines I've written by request
 And not because I thought it best;
 So do not lay the blame on me,
 For I've no kick to make, you see.

We love to hear old ocean roar,
 As wave rolls wave upon the shore,
 We love, O Lord, we love to be,
 In sweet communion here with Thee.

We thank Thee for this glorious rain,
 For it assures us grass and grain;
 It makes our drooping spirits rise—
 These heavenly blessings from the skies.

Our Father, God of light and love,
 Who ruleth all things from above!
 For what we are and are to be
 Accept our heartfelt thanks to Thee.



LA GRIPPE.

WELL, I am here, my name's La Grippe;
 I've seen you all before;
 I've traveled over land and sea
 A thousand years or more.

The people know me when I come,
 Though they are seldom pleased;
 I toot no horn, I beat no drum—
 My salute is a sneeze.

I grasp my victim in the back
 And chill his very marrow;
 Where'er I go I leave my track,
 'Tis known by mounds of sorrow.

Although I'm not a welcome guest,
 And never asked to come,
 E'en to the babe at mother's breast
 I make myself at home.

'Tis seldom I forget the aged;
 They never forget me,
 I leave a mark on mem'ry's page
 So plain that all may see.

I make them cough, and sneeze, and sneeze,
 And tears run from their eyes,
 Their bones all ache—they think they'll freeze,
 I take them by surprise.

Yet some are glad whene'er I make
 My oft-recurring round,
 'Tis those who bury their mistakes
 Half-fathom under ground.

But these are not the only ones,
 Who hail me with delight,—
 For some will reap where I have sown,
 They hide my work from sight.

Yes, there are more whose purse will grow
 Wherever I am known,
 They mark the spot, so all may know,
 With stately granite-stone.



THE BANTAM.

FLIPPING, flapping and running about,
 You're changed by each wind that blows;
 There's a turmoil within when all's calm without,
 You're awake when all others repose.

You have no aim in life, think only of self,
 And squack if one treads on your toes;
 You elbow along to the top of the shelf,
 Hitting others a peck on the nose.

It matters not who you run up against,
 As changes the wind so do you,
 And one has to look on both sides the fence
 To discover which way you flew.

Maybe you'll perch on the top for awhile
 Flap your wings and give a coo-coo,
 And then strut around on the top of the stile
 Undecided what next you will do.

You straddle the fence and look all around,
 To see where the most people go;
 In the midst of the crowd you're sure to be found,
 You'd much rather drift than to row.

You always are drifting, you make no pretense
 Of building wherever you go;
 When others succeed you're first on the fence,
 And are always the loudest to crow.



GOOD SPEAKING.

How we love to hear good speeches,
 Oh, how it makes our hearts rejoice,
 When the speaker the climax reaches
 And we hear our own sweet voice.

You may talk about the joys of Heaven,
 Where we will soar on wings of love,
 For unto us there will be given
 A mansion in that home above.

But here on earth we sigh for pleasure,
 For praise that makes our hearts rejoice,
 Our cup o'erflows, so full the measure,
 When we can hear our own sweet voice.

It matters not, with fact or fiction
 We strive to stir each beating heart,
 Or it may be some strange prediction
 That we would to the world impart.

'Tis all the same, we haste to tell it,
 We'll sound our trumpet loud and clear,
 And we will have no doubts about it,
 T'will surely come, the time is near.

But ah, alas! we were mistaken,
 It did not happen after all,
 We feel so sad, almost forsaken,
 Our pride has had a mighty fall.

And now we sit with both ears open,
 To listen is the wisest choice,
 For we have found, we gained more wisdom
 By listening to a wise man's voice.



TRoublesome NOSE.

WE start at the sound of the wind when it blows,
 As it sometimes awakes us from quiet repose,
 And we tremble with fear at the thunder's loud roar,
 But naught e'er disturbs like the nose with a snore.

You may talk of the storm on the wild raging sea,
 As the winds bear us on in wild spiteful glee,
 The creaking of timbers, the flapping of sail,
 The roar of the billows, as they're tossed by the gale.

And all nature is suffering the terrors of death,
 And we fear every moment she'll draw her last breath,
 And the call of death's angel is heard in the roar,
 Yet naught grates the nerves like the sound of a snore.

The hoarse, grating torrent sweeping on to the seas,
 Breaking rocks from the mountains, and limbs from the
 Or the sound of a battle, the cannons' loud roar, [trees,
 Is sweet heavenly music compared to a snore.

In the midst of a battle some have fallen asleep,
 Regardless of scenes that would make angels weep,
 But there's many a man who could ne'er find repose,
 If within the dread sound of a snore-venting nose.

The rasping and gasping and groaning for breath,
 The poising in balance between life and death,
 With a rising inflection to the roof he will soar,
 Till the base notes are reached and he drops to the floor.

Just think of the racket of chaos broke loose,
 From the bray of a mule to the hiss of a goose;
 There's no use denying, 'tis death to repose:
 This killer of sleep—the cacophonous nose.

The scream of the eagle, the lion's loud roar,
 The sound of the waves as they break on the shore,
 All blend in sweet music as heavenward they soar,
 But there's no lofty thoughts in the sound of a snore.

The seasons they come, and the seasons they go—
 The bright summer's sun and the midwinter's snow;—
 But there's nothing, save the tongue, I suppose,
 In nature, to compare to a troublesome nose.

The thunders of summer, the winter's cold breath,
 The cyclone that brings destruction and death;
 The shake of the earth, its far-distant roar,
 Is as naught when compared to a violent snore.

We hope no offense will be taken by those
 Who may chance to have such a troublesome nose,
 Like a boatman asleep while the cataract roars—
 Your nose isn't to blame—it's asleep when it snores.

Some good advice we will offer to give,
 And hope that you all will kindly receive—
 'Tis: when you retire to take sweet repose,
 Close your mouth firmly—and then keep it closed.

Just think of the sun, being made to stand still,
 And all nature obeying General Joshua's will.
 And now if we try with our might, I suppose,
 That we might control this troublesome nose.



Talk not about the wrath of God,
 Or e'en of his displeasure;
 Of how he holds the chastening rod,
 To scourge us at his leisure.

When man can quench Vesuvius' breath,
 Or dam Niagara with a straw;
 Then will we slay the monster death,
 And life will be without a flaw.

JAKE, UNT FRITZ, UNT ME.

COME here my boys, we'll sing one song,
 You ne'er before did see;
 Methinks it won't be very long,
 'Bout Jake, unt Fritz, unt me.
 We goes mit Dewey's boat upon,
 When it went out to sea;
 We think he never gets along
 'Out Jake, unt Fritz, unt me.

CHORUS:

O, Dewey's going home,
 He's now upon the sea,
 He's left us here to weep and mourn—
 Old Jake, unt Fritz, unt me.

Jake cooks the grub, Fritz heaves the coal,
 I shoots the gun, you see,
 And when the sergeant calls the roll
 We're always there, we three.
 We looks not out for one soft place,
 We cares not what it be,
 But Admir'l Dewey wins his case
 Mit Jake, unt Fritz, unt me.

The peoples all they will turn out,
 This Dewey man to see;
 We thinks they will—"mocks leedle oud"
 Mit Jake, unt Fritz, unt me.
 But when we meets that Spanish race,
 What good would Dewey be,
 Unless the men were in their place,
 Like Jake, unt Fritz, unt me.

We just keep still, say not one word,
 We're in our place, you see;
 When we the Admiral's orders heard,
 We work right well, we three.

We think the Isles would got away
 As easy as could be,
 Were not our men upon that bay,
 Like Jake, unt Fritz, unt me.

We cared not for their shot or shell
 Or mines beneath the sea;
 We knew our duty—did it well—
 Old Jake, unt Fritz, unt me.
 We drove them back along the shore,
 Our aim was good, you see;
 We sunk their boats to rise no more,
 Old Jake, unt Fritz, unt me.

We would not take one glory off
 The Admiral—no, not we,
 But just remember and hats doff
 To Jake, unt Fritz, unt me.
 And now we've sung our little song,
 We'll go below, we three,
 But when we're wanted, call upon
 Old Jake, unt Fritz, unt me.



GALILEO'S PRISON SONG.

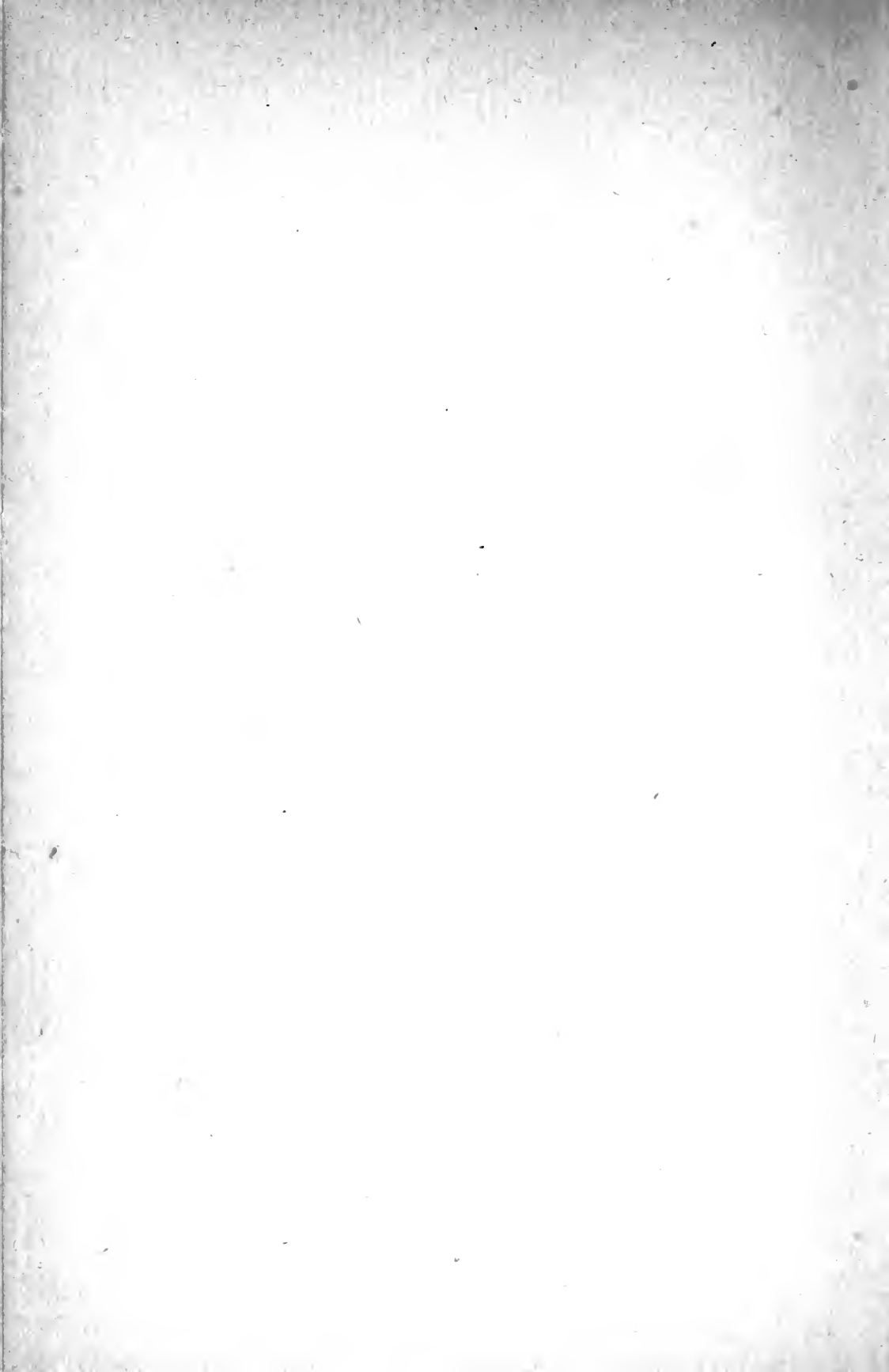
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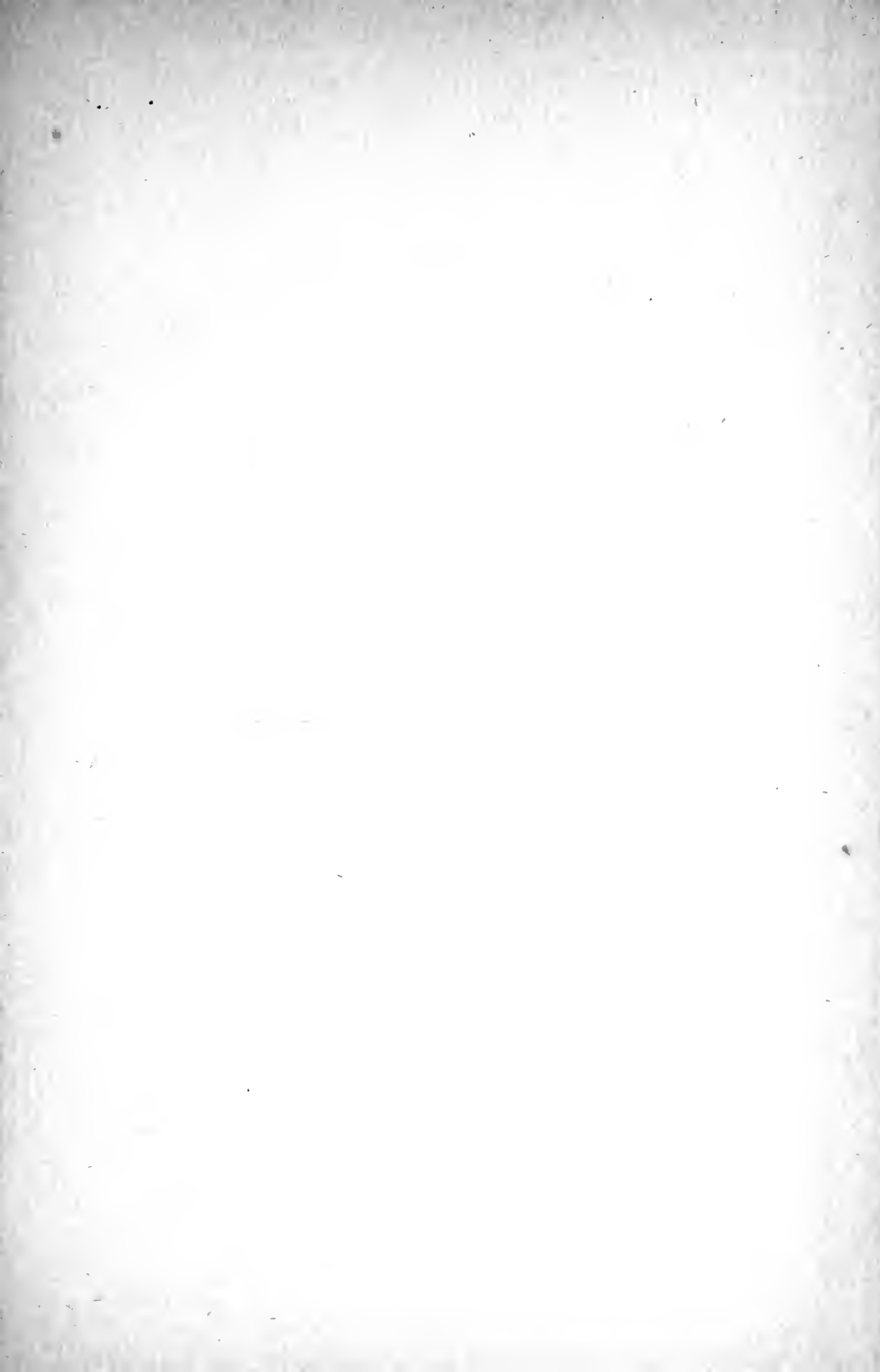
THOUGH you fear me, though you doubt me,
 I shall win, whate'er befall;
 Though you jeer me, though you flout me,
 Truth and I against you all!
 Though you bend me, though you break me,
 Time and I against you all;
 Time and truth at last shall make me
 Lord of you who am your thrall.
 Though you chain me, though you burn me,
 Yet the earth, though that befall,
 Moves, and though you daunt and turn me,
 It still moves in spite of all!

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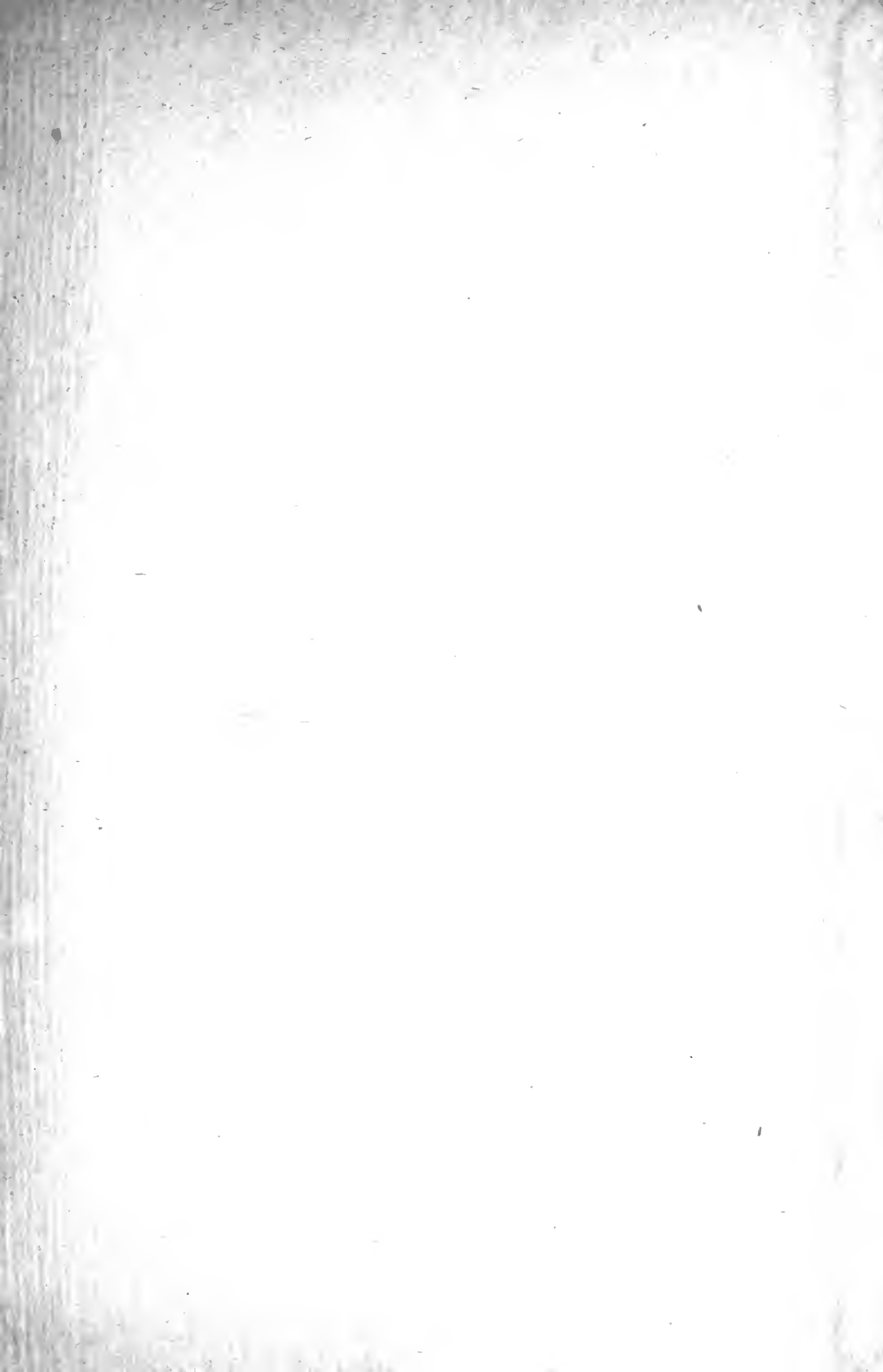
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